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TRAIL DUST OF A MAVERICK

E·A·BRININSTOOL

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Trail Dust of a Maverick

On a thousand hills were cattle that had felt your smoking brand.

Trail Dust of a Maverick

BY

E. A. BRININSTOOL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ROBERT J. BURDETTE

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
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1914

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TO

The American Cowboy

THE MOST
PICTURESQUE FIGURE
IN
UNITED STATES
HISTORY

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Trail Dust of a Maverick

INTRODUCTION

NOT poems in slang, but in dialect. For slang is not at all recognized as belonging to the standard vocabulary of the language into which it may be introduced. Its origin is low. It springs from the gutter. Its grandfather was a thief, an outlaw, a beggar and a criminal, and its home was a den of vileness. In the 18th century its name was "cant" and "patter," and it was the speech of the slums.

But "dialect" is as respectable as a poor relation. It may not shine with the refinement of its more cultured relatives, but it proves its claim to the family pedigree; it is frequently older in its descent than many of its more aristocratic cousins. Slang must be read by the coaching of a glossary. Dialect interprets itself. It is rugged as an oak tree; symmetrical as a pine. It is strong as granite, and tender as the cyclamen clustering around the foot of the gray boulder.

Robert Burns ennobled Scottish dialect. He revealed it to the world as the language for lovers; with new pet names for children and babies that rippled like music on the lips of mothers. He girded it with an armor of patriotism and high courage. He set a thousand pens in motion vainly trying to imitate it.

James Whitcomb Riley did the same thing for the un-

couth dialect of Indiana. He made it, on the lips of farmers and farmers' wives, the vehicle for love songs, sweet in their homeliness. He touched its syllables with pathos, until crystal tears quivered on its lashes. The joys of the fireside, the sorrows of the hearthstone, the songs and laughter of the nursery, the experiences of old men and the games of little children — only Riley could best interpret these life-throbs, and dialect was the only speech that could interpret Riley.

And E. A. Brininstool has done the same thing for the abundant, exuberant, natural dialect of the range and the rodeo; the long winding trail, the sweep of the prairies, boundless as an ocean of verdure. He makes it glorify the desert; his verse lends splendor to the sunrise and beauty to the sunset — the matchless sunsets of the arid skies and the wilderness. Sage brush and cactus and yucca; cañon and arroyo and the corral bars; the seas of chaparral; the shouting of the storm and its torrents, and the low singing of the desert river — he sings for them all in their own speech of desert-born eloquence. And he can do this, because he is of their blood, and knows their "master words."

His songs have this deathless quality — they chant the glories and the beauties, the joys and the dangers, the dances and the conflicts of a vanishing life. And that has a charm for the human heart that will last forever. The range has given place to the ranch. The long trail is a

wagon road. The limitless landscape is measured by metes and bounds; boundaries are lined by fences, and locked gates stay the hoof-beats of the "Old Cow Hawss" with peremptory "Thus far and no farther." Thrice welcome then, the memories and dreams of the poet, catching the vanishing colors and melodies, and fastening them on the canvas of singing history. This, Mr. Brininstool has done for his generation, and he has done his task faithfully and lovingly, loyally and accurately.

"Sunnycrest," Pasadena, Cal.,
October 25, 1913.

SUNSET ON THE DESERT

THERE ain't no artist paints it with his pallet and his brush,
Like the Master Painter does it at the sunset glory's hush,
When the reds and pinks and crimsons are a-floodin' all the skies
With a hint of heaven's beauties through the gates of Paradise.
Oh, there ain't no daub on canvas that was ever yet displayed
That can show a desert sunset like the hand of God has made!

How the colors blend and soften underneath His master hand,
Till they flood the buttes and mesas and creep off across the sand!
How the draws and coulees glimmer with the gold He spills afar,
Flingin' back the sunset's blushes where the stately yuccas are.
And the clouds grow sort o' filmy, in a gorgeous, crimson sheen,
Like they tried to keep the angels from a-peekin' on the scene.

Then a gorgeous glare of color seems to tip the peaks and hills
With a gleamin', golden splendor which the Master Artist spills;
And the mountains, white and hoary, seem to bend and smile at me,
And the sand-dunes are a-sparkle like the placid summer sea;
While the lonely wastes seem likened to some stretch of fairy-land,
As He deftly shows their luster by the magic of His hand.

Then He draws the curtain closer by His varied lights and shades,
And paints in a touch of purple as the picture slowly fades;
And the brown, bare, arid stretches that at noon-time were aglare,
Take on tints of wondrous beauty and grow roseate and fair;
And I stand in awe and wonder as the colors flash and glow,
Tingin' all the somber desert till they blend and overflow.

Then the hush of even gently, softly, slowly filters down
On the lonely dreary mesas and the hills so dry and brown,

Till the star-world sheds its luster and the moonlight
floods the range,
And the black buttes loom up yonder, grim and spectral-
like and strange,
And I drowse, and doze, and wonder at the picture I have
seen
Which the hand of God has painted on old Mother
Nature's screen.

THE COUNTRY TO THE WEST

WHEN the hull big world gits gloomy and as dark as all tarnation,
And a feller feels as grumpy as a lone steer on the range;
When he cain't see nothin' 'round him but despair and desolation,
'Cuz the trails that he is follerin' are new and fresh and strange;
When the people that he's meetin' ain't the kind he likes to chum with,
And he feels a homesick feelin' jest a-tuggin' 'neath his vest,
How he hankers for the Open, and the pals he used to bum with
In the sagebrush stretches lyin' in the country to the West!

And he glimpses wide arroyos stretchin' out as if to greet him,
While the rocky buttes they lure him, and they whisper to him, "Come!"
And the hoary mountains call him, and the cattle trails entreat him
To forget the busy city and its life so burdensome.

THE COUNTRY TO THE WEST

There's a whisper from the mesas which forever haunts his dreamin',
And his heart rebels within him with its burden of unrest,
And he sees the sand-dunes sparklin' and the yucca-plumes a-gleamin'
In the sagebrush stretches lyin' in the country to the West!

There's the croonin' of the pine trees — jest forever callin', callin',
There's the murmur of the river as it glides through chasms deep;
There's the lowin' of the cattle on his restless senses fallin',
And the yelpin' of the ki-yote, as he's droppin' off to sleep.
There's the purpled sunsets sparklin' like a molten sea off yonder,
There's a glint of gold a-shinin' on the rugged canyon's crest,
And the vision stands before him, growin' dearer, growin' fonder,
Of the sagebrush stretches lyin' in the country to the West.

THE COUNTRY TO THE WEST

Oh, there ain't no spot that's dearer in the hull of God's creation,
When you've felt the call within you, as you packed your kit to go!
And you had a mental picture of the lonely railroad station
Where the boys would ride to meet you — all the pals you used to know.
How the rangelands smiled upon you, and the skies seemed all the bluer,
With the prairie jest a-blazin' with the blooms upon its breast!
Then you knew that life was sweeter, and your pards were kinder, truer,
In the sagebrush stretches lyin' in the country to the West.

THE OLD BUNKHOUSE

'TIS empty and silent, all sagging and creaking,
With windows agape to the breezes that blow;
The rafters are cobwebbed, the hinges are squeaking,
As idly the winds swing the door to and fro.
The dust and the mold have left visible traces,
The hearthstone is cold, and 'tis cheerless and strange,
And vainly I look for the bronzed, fearless faces
Of riders I bunked with out there on the range.

I listen for voices of old pals to greet me,
But out from the shadows no echoes I hear;
No rough, hearty handclasp of pardners to meet me,
No laughter or singing falls sweet on my ear.
The pack-rats go scampering boldly around there,
And squeak their defiance about the dim room,
Naught else, only grim desolation, is found there,
The place is abandoned to silence and gloom!

The empty corrals have no dust-clouds arising
Where restless cowponies are milling inside;
No loud-swearing puncher is vainly devising
A means of subduing a range outlaw's pride.

THE OLD BUNKHOUSE

The long, straggling columns of cattle have vanished,
The draws and the coulees are empty and lone;
The plow and the reaper the brand-iron have banished —
No more is the saddle the Westerner's throne!

'Tis only a relic of song and of story —
The bunkhouse that stands in the shine and the rain.
A silent reminder of cattle-day glory
That leaves me a feeling of sadness and pain.
But often I think, in my fireside dreaming,
Of days when the cowman was monarch and king,
And picture, in fancy, the bunkhouse lights gleaming,
And echo the trail-songs the cowboys would sing!

THE STAMPEDE

A LOWERING night, with muggy, sultry air;
A thirsting, restless, sullen, bawling herd;
Low distant rumbling peals of thunder there;
A sky with vivid lightning-flashes blurred.
The flickering campfire's dull and feeble glow;
The ribald songs the grim night-herders sing;
The murmur of the river, faint and low;
The night-bird overhead, on tireless wing.

From rugged buttes, in snarling monotone,
The muttering thunder speaks a warning grim;
The breeze which o'er the rolling height is blown,
Sighs fitfully across the mesa's brim.
Now vagrant rain-drops kiss the dusty ground,
As louder growls the thunder notes on high;
The cattle low in terror at the sound,
While anxious riders watch the threatening sky.

And now the storm bursts forth in fury wild,
And jagged lightning-flashes leap and flare
Across the heavens, where inky clouds are piled,
While crash on crash re-echoes through the air!

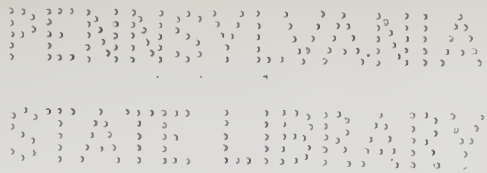
THE STAMPEDE

In mad affright the herd is under way!
No hand their headlong rushes can restrain!
And blinding, glaring shafts of light display
A sea of clashing horns across the plain!

Into the pitchy darkness of the night,
With spur and quirt and shot and wild hello,
Lithe figures speed to check their frenzied flight,
As on the panic-stricken thousands go!

. . . . . .

And now the Storm God's wrath is spent and gone;
Hushed is his voice upon the mesa's crest;
The stars peep forth through scudding clouds, and dawn
Finds wearied riders safe; the herd at rest.



THE TRAIL-HERD

CLOUDED sun an' coolin' morn;
Squeakin' " taps " an' spurs a-rattle;
Loungin' 'crost my saddlehorn
Trailin' dull-eyed, bawlin' cattle.
Chokin' dust-clouds in the air,
Off across the range a-driftin';
Punchers cussin' stragglers there
As the mornin' mist is liftin'.

Wild-eyed mavericks on the prod;
Plungin' ponies, buckin', snortin',
Or across the sun-baked sod,
Full o' ginger a-cavortin'.
Ol' chuckwagon on ahead,
Gittin' of the grub-pile ready;
Sun a-blazin' fiery red;
Calves a-wobblin' 'long unsteady.

Summer day a-growin' old
As the crimson sun is sinkin';
River sparklin' jest like gold
Where the thirsty herd is drinkin'.

Cook a-yellin' "Grub-pile, boys!"
Cups an' ol' tin plates a-rattle;
Punchers makin' lots o' noise
On the bed-ground with the cattle.

. . . . . .

Silence on the midnight air!
Me on night-herd slowly moggin
'Round the bedded cattle there,
Singin' to 'em as I'm joggin'.
Campfire twinklin' down below;
River sort o' lullabyin'
To the sleepers, soft an' low,
In their blanket-beds a-lyin'.

Second watch a-rollin' out,
Sleepy-eyed, with grimy faces,
At the foreman's lusty shout,
Saddlin' up to take our places.
Me a-drowsin' off to rest
With the starry orbs above me;
. . . Thoughts of You within my breast,
Dreamin', dreamin' that You love me!

THE CALL FROM THE WEST

WHERE the grass-lands roll in stretches like an endless, tossing sea,
To the mountains white and hoary, over ranges wide and free,
Where the country lies unbroken, and soft prairie breezes blow,
It is there my heart turns fondly and the siren bids me go.

It is far from cares and worries and the sordid haunts of man,
And the ceaseless rush and turmoil of the money-making clan;
Only peace and gladness linger 'round its quiet solitudes,
For the grasping hand of Progress on its border ne'er intrudes.

My country fair and shining, lies where sunset's glory gleams,
Over mountain-tops and mesas and along smooth, winding streams.
Where the greasewood and the sagebrush fling their sweet perfume afar,
And the cow-men watch their trail-herds by the blazing evening star.

THE CALL FROM THE WEST

I see it every evening in the dreams which come to me —
My glorious Western homeland across the sagebrush sea!
It lures my thoughts off yonder, where soft the twilights fall,
Where hearts are true and tender, and prairie breezes call.

And I must rise and answer, for the lure is ever strong;
It calls and beckons to me and breathes the West's own song.
It sings of wide horizons and sunny skies and fair,
Which seem to smile upon me and turn my footsteps there.

THE DESERT

SUN, silence, sand and dreary solitude;
Vast stretches, white, beneath a glaring sky;
Where only those stout-hearted may intrude,
With Death to harass them and terrify.

A vast expanse of endless, treeless plain,
Where sluggish rattlers crawl and brown swifts run;
Where all the parched earth gasps and pants for rain,
And overhead, a madd'ning, molten sun.

Dry, powdery sagebrush seas, and cactus beds,
And yuccas — snow-white sentinels — which gleam;
While here and there the *ocatilla* spreads,
And waters glimmer from a phantom stream.

Like withering blasts from furnaces white-hot,
The noon-day sun beats pitilessly down
Upon a land the hand of God forgot —
Scorched, lifeless, shriveled, arid, bare and brown.

Only the awful stillness day by day,
O'er wastes swept by the hot sun's burning breath;
A treacherous, deceptive Great White Way;
A land of desolation — and of death!

THE OLD TRAPPER SPEAKS

I'VE taken toll from ev'ry stream that held a furry prize,
But now my traps are rustin' in the sun;
Where once the broad, free ranges, wild, unbroken, met my eyes,
Their acres have been civilized and won.
The deer have left the bottom-lands; the antelope the plain,
And the howlin' of the wolf no more I hear,
But the busy sounds of commerce warn me of an alien reign,
As the saw and hammer echo in my ear.

I've lived to see the prairie soil a-sproutin' schools and stores,
And wire fences stretch on ev'ry hand;
I've seen the nesters crowdin' in from distant foreign shores,
And the hated railroads creep across the land;
My heart has burned within me, and my eyes have misty grown,
As Progress came, unbidden, to my shack.

Where the pine trees croon, and Nature is my God.

THE OLD TRAPPER SPEAKS

My streams have all been harnessed and my conquest overthrown,
And I've been pushed aside and crowded back!

I've seen men come with manners and with customs new and strange
To take the lands which I have fought to hold;
I've watched the white-topped wagons joltin' on across the range
With those who sought to lure the hidden gold;
I've seen the red man vanquished and the buffalo depart,
And cow-men take the land which they possessed,
And now there's somethin' tuggin' and a-pullin' at my heart,
And biddin' me move onward to'rds the west.

There ain't no elbow room no more to circulate around,
Since Civ'lization stopped beside my door;
I'll pack my kit and rifle and I'll find new stompin'-ground
Where things is like they was in days o' yore.
I've heard the mountains whisper, and the old, free wild life calls
Where men and Progress never yet have trod;
And I'll go back to worship in my rugged canyon walls,
Where the pine trees croon, and Nature is my God!

THE RANGE RIDER'S SOLILOQUY

SOMETIMES when on night-herd I'm ridin', and the stars are a-gleam in the sky,
Like millions of wee, little candles that twinkle and sparkle on high,
I wonder, if up there above 'em, are streets that are shinin' with gold,
And if it's as purty a country as all the sky-pilots hev told?

I wonder if there are wide ranges, and rivers and streams that's as clear,
And plains that's as blossomed with beauty as them that I ride over here?
I wonder if summertime breezes up there are like zephyrs that blow
And croon in a cadence of sweetness and harmony down here below?

I wonder if there, Over Yonder, it's true that they's never no night,
But all of the hours are sunny and balmy and pleasant and bright?
I wonder if birds are a-singin' as sweetly through all the long day
As them that I hear on the mesa as I go a-lopin' away?

And sometimes I wonder and wonder if over that lone
Great Divide
I'll meet with the boys who have journeyed across to the
dim Farther Side?
If out on them great starry ranges some day in the future,
I, too,
Shall ride on a heavenly bronco when earth's final round-
up is through?

They tell us no storms nor no blizzards blow over that
bloom-spangled range;
That always and ever it's summer — a land where there's
never a change;
And nights when I lie in my blankets, and the star-world
casts o'er me a spell,
I seem to look through on the glories that lie in that great
Home Corral.

THE COWMAN'S LOSS

IT'S lonely on the ol' ranch now;
The little feller's gone away;
Seems like the sunshine's gone, somehow,
Without him taggin' 'round at play.
There ain't a cowboy on the place
But thought the world o' him, an' more,
When he would come, with smilin' face,
A-toddlin' in the bunkhouse door.

The boys ain't joshin' as they ride.
Why, they ain't been so still fer years:
It broke 'em up when baby died,
'Cuz more'n one I've seen in tears.
An' there is somethin' in their grip
An' handclasp that stampedes my heart,
An' sends me out with quiverin' lip,
An' eyes that jest fill up an' smart.

We used to see him ev'ry night
When we'd ride in to the corral;
Blamed if he wa'n't a purty sight
With them long curls we loved so well!

THE COWMAN'S LOSS

I reck'n kids like him is rare
  Among the sunshine an' the flowers
On that big heaven range Up There,
  So God He jest sent down fer ours.

The dogs they miss that kid o' mine,
  'Cuz where he went they'd trot along;
They hang around the house an' whine,
  Jest like they sensed they's somethin' wrong.
The pore dumb critters seem to know
  The little pard they loved ain't near —
I don't see why he had to go
  An' leave us all alone down here.

Seems like we cain't git used to it!
  The hull big world is dark an' lone;
It ain't the same 'round here a bit,
  Now that the little feller's gone.
But heaven is sure a sunny place,
  An' some day, on that golden shore,
We're goin' to feel his rosy face
  A-snugglin' down to ours once more.

THE LURE OF THE DESERT

HAVE you gazed on the desert when Springtime's blush was spreading across the land;
When a painted ocean of riotous bloom the sage-brush stretches spanned?
Have you felt the breath of the warm south wind as it crooned to the mesas fair,
When the sunrise gilded the broken buttes in a shimmer of glory there?

Have you travérsed the desert when molten skies were quivering overhead?
When the yuccas drooped in the glaring hills and the mesas were bare and dead?
When the fevered earth, in the stifling air, fair gasped as it wilted down,
And the rolling range was a withered mass, and the 'royos were dry and brown?

Have you seen the heavens with dust-clouds dimmed, and the sun like a yellow ball,
While mad winds bellowed across the wastes where the creaking freighters crawl?

THE LURE OF THE DESERT

Have you felt the sting of the fearsome gusts and reeled
'neath the choking blast,
As the shrieking tempest caught and flung the blinding
sand-clouds past?

Have you delved for gold in the treach'rous hills, led on
by an eager hope?
Have you felt the thrill of the " desert rat " in the " color "
along the slope?
Have you staggered over the arid sands to the desert-
phantom's gleam,
With a dry canteen and a swollen tongue, toward a
mocking, fading stream?

Have you lain at night when the full moon rose and
silvered the buttes hard by?
Have you felt that desolate, lonely hush at the coyote's
quavering cry?
If you have, you know of the desert's lure, and the spell
of the blistering range
That grips and holds with a magic hand, where the
sand-dunes shift and change.

SILENT TRAILS

THE trails are silent since you went away;
It's lonely here, and everything looks strange;
The once-blue skies have turned to ashen-gray,
And seem to blot the sunshine from the range.
I miss the silvery jingle of your spur,
I heard when you was ridin' at my side;
And when I think of you, a sudden blur
Gits in my eyes and blinds me as I ride.

The manzanita berries ain't more red
Than was the roses bloomin' in your cheek;
And when I'd watch you lopin' off ahead,
The thoughts I'd think — but didn't dare to speak!
And when I stop to cinch my saddle tight,
I listen for your voice to call to me;
And when I'm ridin' 'round the herd at night,
Your sweet face in the jeweled skies I see.

It wa'n't like this before you crossed my trail.
I rode the lonely range, and didn't mind
The solitude of canyon, knoll or swale,
Or deep arroyo that I left behind.

SILENT TRAILS

I didn't see the glory of the hills
  You pointed out to me when first you came;
But now my lonely heart pulsates and thrills,
  When mountain breezes whisper low your name!

The naggin' of the boys is harsh; it jars
  And grates upon me when I'm in their sight;
I look to see you at the corral bars,
  But no one's there when I ride up at night.
I cross the mesa, where the sweet perfume
  Of wildflowers that you loved so, fills the air,
But all their brightness can't drive off the gloom —
  And it is just because you are not there!

The night-bird's call comes to me through the dark;
  The flickerin' campfire throws a fitful glare,
And off across the range, the coyote's bark
  Goes echoin' on the silent midnight air;
I hear the bedded cattle by the stream
  Stir, when the grim night-riders pass their view,
And then I drowse, and doze away, and dream,
  And dreamin', ride the trails agin — with you!

THE WEST FOR ME

I LOVE the peaks with their snow-bound caps; the stately mountains grand;
The pungent smell of the bending pines that tower on either hand;
The streams that leap through the canyons deep and the wind's low melody —
I heed their call, for I love them all —'tis the West, the West for me!

I love the stretches of desert gray; the brown buttes grim and high;
I love the scent of the sagebrush flats; the blue of the vaulted sky;
The charm and spell of each draw and swell, and the shifting sand-dunes free;
They grip and hold as their charms unfold — aye, the West, the West for me!

I love the trail through the lonely hills to the door of the old log shack,
And an insist strong is luring on, as it calls and beckons back.

THE WEST FOR ME

I love the croon of the low, sweet tune that sighs through
the scrub-oak tree,
And the bubbling note from the wild-bird's throat — ah,
the West, the West for me!

I love the herds on the open range; the riders who guard
them well,
Who ride like fiends in the night stampede through the
ocean of chaparral.
I love to dream in the campfire's gleam of the days as
they used to be,
And the stalwart men who were heroes then — so the
West, the West for me!

Oh, the boundless West, and the wild, free life that is
spent in the open air,
With the handiwork of the God of All in the plains and
the mountains there!
I love the sweep of the streams that creep from the hills
to the throbbing sea,
And I hear their call as the shadows fall — oh, the West,
the West for me!

THE MIRAGE

OVER the sun-scorched, glaring sand,
Under a pitiless, molten sky,
Luring on with a mocking hand,
Over the stretches white-hot and dry;
Painting a picture of rippling streams,
Grassy valleys and cooling shade —
There in the desert it glows and gleams,
In magic beauty, but false, arrayed.

Out in a withering, vast expanse,
Parched and shriveled and dead and bare;
Out where the shimmering heat waves dance,
The wraith of the desert gleams on the air.
It lures and calls in enticing strains,
As its waters lave on a shining shore,
And whispers of billowy, fertile plains,
And bloom-decked hills I would fain explore.

Over the stunted sagebrush sea,
Under a glimmering, sweltering sun,
It beckons, beckons and smiles at me,
As its cruel, deceiving waters run.

THE MIRAGE

Only a ghost of a green-clad vale —
  A desert specter that lures and snares;
It calls me over a death-marked trail,
  Into a furnace that seethes and glares.

It fades and dies as I reel ahead
  Over the arid and burning waste —
A picture of beauty an instant spread,
  And then forever from sight effaced.
But over its bosom, hell-hot and white,
  The bones of many are bleaching bare,
Who turned aside at the luring sight
  In the painted depths of the desert's glare!

THE LAST DRIVE

BESIDE his sagging door he sits and smokes,
And dreams again of old trail days, long gone.
His eyes are dim; his form is bent and old,
And silvered are the locks about his brow.
He hears again the thud of pony-hoofs,
The clash of horns, the bellowing of herds;
The shout of riders and the pant of steeds,
And creak of saddle-leather as they ride.
He sees the dust-clouds hover o'er the trail
Where, snaky-like, the herd winds on and on;
He sees broad-hatted men, bronzed, fearless, bold,
And as he listens, faintly to his ears
Is borne the echoes of an old trail song,
While to his nostrils floats the scent of sage
And greasewood, cactus and mesquite, that seems
To lure him back among his ranges wide.

'Tis night! And now he sees the bedded herd
Beneath the studded canopy of heaven,
While hardy night-guards keep their vigil drear.
The stars gleam out, and yonder rocky buttes
Loom strange and weird and dim and spectral-like;
The wagon top shines brightly by the stream,

And in the flickering campfire's feeble glow
He sees the silent forms of old range pals
In dreamless slumber in their blanket beds.
The coyote's melancholy wail floats in
Upon the silent, pulseless summer air,
While overhead, on steady, tireless wing,
The night-hawk whirls and circles in its flight,
And down below, the babble of the stream
Makes low-crooned, soothing music rippling by.

Morn comes, with crimson bars of light that leap
To gild the buttes and tint the east with fire;
The lark's song echoes clear and sweet and strong
Upon the morning air; the range-grass gleams
And glitters with its diamond-tinted dew,
And all the great wide prairie springs to life.

Again he sees the straggling herd move on
In broken line, and in his dreams he seems
To feel the bronco's tireless, steady pace
That carries him upon his last long drive
Which ends in sleep along the Sunset Trail.

THE OLD LOG CABIN

(On a trip into the Montana cattle country the writer came across an old log cabin, abandoned and desolate, which prompted the following:)

IT stands alone on a treeless plain —
An old log cabin, with sagging door —
Its roof, all crumbling, allows the rain
To trickle in on the rough slab floor.
Where warmth and comfort were one time known,
And faces smiled in the backlog's blaze,
Deep silence broods, for good cheer has flown,
And left but an echo of former days.

Who knows the story of faith and hope,
Of days of labor and weary toil,
Of those, mayhap from an eastern slope,
Who came to nurture the virgin soil?
Who knows the struggle for life and bread,
Of years of waiting for wealth to come;
Of those who labored till courage fled,
On the boundless prairie to make a home?

The voices of children were doubtless heard
In merry laughter and happy song;
Perchance hearts ached for a cheery word,
And a friendly face as they toiled along.

But none can tell of the hopes and fears,
Of the dreams they dreamed as the days sped by;
Of their simple joys through the lonely years,
Till wealth each want should at last supply.

But the fire is cold on the hearthstone drear,
And the door swings idly, by breezes stirred;
Where once was the presence of warmth and cheer,
Now desolate echoes alone are heard.
But none may fathom the luckless tale,
And none the secrets may ever gain
Of that old log cabin beside the trail
In the lonely heart of a treeless plain.

THE BLIZZARD-BOUND HERD

DOWN from the winding hills, 'mid whirling snow
And whistling, wintry gales, they feebly stray;
Now dumbly halt, despairingly and slow,
Then stagger on, in aimless, blinded way.
The biting winds whip madly, front and rear,
And sting alike, the helpless and the strong;
The shivering, shrinking beasts, impelled by fear,
Bawl pitifully as they are swept along.

Again they halt, as shrieks the chilling gale,
As if in keen derision at their plight;
The pelting Arctic blasts again assail
And mantle them afresh in robes of white.
In mute despondency they huddle there;
Weak creatures sink to rise again no more,
As death, in icy form, sweeps through the air,
And marks its trail across the sagebrush floor!

They drift ahead, their eyes in mute appeal
For aid which cannot come in that harsh blast;
Like hordes of drunken images they reel,
Then pause, in helpless fear and terror massed.

THE BLIZZARD-BOUND HERD

The blinding, drifting snows swirl fast and free,
  And scream in wild defiance at their prey,
As though in mad, demoniacal glee,
  They knew Death could not long his work delay.

. . . . . .

Morn breaks upon the whitened, rolling range,
  With sullen, murky, threatening, leaden skies;
The grim gray buttes look down upon a strange
  And saddened scene which in the valley lies.
Across the landscape, bleak and wintry-blurred,
  The Storm King flung his icy, stinging breath,
And there, in silence desolate, the herd
  Now sleeps, where it was bedded down by Death!

THE NESTER TO THE COWMAN

I HAVE watched your great herds trailing toward the far-off setting sun,
As my plowshare turned a furrow in your wake;
I have seen your cattle vanish from the lands which I have won,
And the open range new life and vigor take.
I have watched wild customs fading as the foot of Progress pressed,
And I stretched my squeaking wires here and there,
And my fields of grain are waving on the bosom of the West,
While the reaper's song is ringing on the air.

Where the cowman watched his thousands, and the puncher rode the range,
While the wary red-man fought their stern advance,
I have lived to see your stretches undergo a wonder change,
And have waked the slumbering prairies from their trance.

THE NESTER TO THE COWMAN

Where your herds of cattle wandered, I have planted and
have sown;
I have builded schools and churches in the land;
You are but a dim remembrance of a life forever gone;
You have bowed submission to the nester's hand.

And the trails your thousands deepened I have wiped
from off the hills;
Where your branding-fires gleamed are seas of grain;
On the bed-grounds of your cattle are my factories and
mills;
You have gone — but they forever shall remain.
Where your campfires glistened brightly and the night-
wind crooned and stirred,
And the dog-wolf howled his mournful serenade,
And the cowboy chanted gaily as he circled 'round the
herd,
Progress entered — and its conquest has been made!

I have seen your barren mesas blossom underneath my
touch,
And your desert lands responding to my will;
I have made your arid stretches yield me harvests over-
much,
And your rocky slopes their golden treasures spill.

THE NESTER TO THE COWMAN

Off across the dim horizon are your trail-herds, drifting slow,
While behind their dust the reaper whirrs and hums;
You are swept, resistless, onward — Fate decrees that you must go,
For the dawning of a newer era comes!

A RANGE RIDER'S APPEAL

GUARD me, Lord, when I'm a-ridin'
'Crost the dusty range out there,
From the dangers that are hidin'
On the trails, so bleak and bare.
Keep my stumblin' feet from walkin'
In the quicksands of distress,
And my outlaw tongue from talkin'
Locoed words of foolishness.

When around the herd I'm moggin'
In the darkness of the night,
Or 'crost lonely mesas joggin'
With no one but You in sight,
Won't you ride, dear Lord, beside me,
When I see the danger sign,
And through storm and stampede guide me,
With Your hand a-holdin' mine?

May the rope of sin ne'er trip me
When to town for fun I go;
Let the devil's herders skip me
On their round-ups here below.

A RANGE RIDER'S APPEAL

May my trails be decked in beauty
With the blossoms of Your love;
May I see and do my duty,
Ere I ride the range above.

Let me treat my foes with kindness;
May my hands from blood be free;
May I never, through sheer blindness,
Git the brand o' Cain on me.
On the range o' glory feed me;
Guide me over draw and swell,
And at last to heaven lead me,
Up into the Home Corral.

BEFORE THE RAINS

THE hills are lifeless, parched and scorched; the
'royos all are dry;
The earth is baked and cracked and seamed and hard;
The blue of summer glimmers in the cloudless autumn
sky,
As though the rain-god evermore was barred.
The mesa-lands are barren of the poppies dashed with
gold;
The blossoms in the canyon-depths have fled;
The flats and meadows give no hint of beauties that they
hold,
And all the cloud-capped mountain-heights seem dead.

It is as if the whole wide land was lying in a dream,
And Mother Nature bade the valleys sleep;
The grasses, wrapped in slumber underneath the parched
earth, seem
But waiting for a chance to sunward peep.
But the autumn days creep onward, and the arid hills are
bare;
The gleaming yuccas droop and wither down;
The low-lands, too, have yielded to the hot sun's steady
glare,
And all the knolls are verdure-swept and brown.

But soon across the mountain-tops shall sweep a moistened
breeze,
And o'er the earth shall pass a gladsome sigh;
The inky clouds shall open, and the green come to the
trees;
The blooms shall wake and smile up at the sky.
The welcome drops shall kiss the earth, so fever-scorched
and hot,
And all the grasses leap to greet the sun;
And flaring tints and colors glow in every desert spot,
And barren ranges all be wooed and won.

And then shall mountain waters flow in rhythmic mono-
tone,
And hurry down to drench the thirsty plain;
The whole broad land shall spring to life, its slumber
overthrown,
And then shall wave the greening seas of grain.
The hills, so dry and dusty, shall be laughing as they
bloom;
The vales in gorgeous garments shall be dressed,
And all the air be fragrant with sweet incense and per-
fume,
When the rains rouse Mother Nature from her rest.

THE LURE OF THE WEST

I WANT to go back where the greasewood grows,
And the sagebrush smell is rank and sweet;
Where the desert wind o'er the mesa blows,
And the buttes and sand-dunes my vision greet.
I want to forget the sight and sound
Of city traffic and city roar,
And hurry away to my stamping-ground
In God's great open — the West — once more.

I want to get out where the morning sun
Shines warm on the broken buttes so strange,
And ride and ride where the cattle run
On the dusty trails of the open range.
I'm sick of the streets and the lofty walls,
Dark, barrier-like, on every hand,
The lure of the West — God's country — calls,
And I'll go back to my desert land.

Again I list to the pine tree's croon,
And the mystic murmur of mountain streams,
Which sing to me in the old, sweet tune
I knew when dreaming my boyhood dreams.

The old log cabin, with sagging sill,
  The wide fireplace and the puncheon floor —
The vision gives me a homesick thrill,
  For Mother stands at the cabin door!

The lure of the West! There's a charm and spell
  That weaves a web with each passing hour,
With a subtle cunning that none can tell
  Who never have felt its magic power.
And I'll go back to my crags and peaks,
  To my great free plains and the brown earth's breast,
For the voice of Nature — God's creature — speaks,
  And wins me back to my love — the West!

A CATTLE RANGE AT NIGHT

THE prairie zephyrs have dropped to rest,
And the dust-clouds settle down;
The sun dips low in the golden west,
O'er the mesa bare and brown.
The wearied riders come loping in,
As the hills grow dim and strange,
And the songs of the insect world begin —
'Tis night on a cattle range.

The stars gleam out in the calm, clear sky
Like twinkling orbs of light,
And over the range drifts the coyote's cry
Through the star-lit summer night;
The night-hawk whirls in its ceaseless rush,
As the evening breeze is stirred,
And the cowboy's song breaks the lonely hush,
As he circles the bedded herd.

The campfire throws but a fitful glare,
And the buttes, like specters, rise
Far over the deep arroyo there,
As sentinels in the skies.

A CATTLE RANGE AT NIGHT

While the silent forms in their blanket beds
  Dream on, to the night wind's sigh,
As gently about their sleeping heads,
  The breeze drifts idly by.

The moon steals up o'er the dark butte's crest
  In silvery shafts, which gleam
And sparkle there on the brown earth's breast
  Like gems in a fairy dream.
The night creeps on, with its mystic charms,
  To the song of the whip-poor-will,
And drifts to Dreamland in Nature's arms,
  And the range grows hushed and still.

WHERE THE SAGEBRUSH BILLOWS ROLL

MY mind turns back on the beaten track to the days
of the Long Ago,
Back to a land where the mountains stand with their
glistening caps of snow.
Though far away from that land today, I'm there in my
heart and soul —
In the grand old West that I love the best, where the
sagebrush billows roll.

Again I seem, in a misty dream, to be where the morn-
ing sun
Shines bright and fair on the gray buttes there, and the
shadows leap and run
O'er the mesa wide to the farther side, like a racer to his
goal,
In the grand old West that I love the best, where the
sagebrush billows roll.

And the blossoms nod from the prairie sod, and the note
of the lark rings clear,
And I catch a gleam of a winding stream that ripples
upon the ear;

And it sings a song as it speeds along o'er riffle and rock and shoal —
A song of the West that I love the best, where the sagebrush billows roll.

I lift my eyes where the sand-dunes rise, and the desert lizard crawls,
And I gaze afar where the canyons are, with their rough-hewn granite walls;
Where the skies are blue and the clouds drift through in a hazy and filmy scroll,
In the golden West that I love the best, where the sagebrush billows roll.

And the lure is strong as the siren song that rings in my ears today,
And it beckons me where the winds blow free o'er the sagebrush seas of gray;
And I'll go back to the rough old shack where I've lived in my heart and soul —
Back to the West that I love the best, where the sagebrush billows roll!

THE OLD LINE SHACK

THERE wasn't much style about it;
It hadn't a polished floor,
But only the rough-hewn lumber
For walls, with a puncheon floor.
It stood on a treeless prairie,
Far, far from the beaten track;
'Twas the cowpuncher's habitation,
Was the Three-Circle old line shack.

'Twas the rudest of western cabins,
Far out where the range-lands roll,
But its comfort and cheer oft sheltered
Full many a kindly soul.
And many a night I've listened
As the fitful breeze flung back
The sound of the coyote's wailing,
In the Three-Circle old line shack.

Oh, many a trail song echoed
Up over its rafters there,
Where the curling smoke-wreaths circled
In the firelight's ruddy glare;

And many a thrilling story
  Was tuned to the rifle's crack,
In the days of the border troubles,
  In the Three-Circle old line shack.

We welcomed each chance acquaintance,
  And gave him a cheery hail;
We sheltered the cowboy stranger
  Who rode up the cattle trail.
The latch-string was ever hanging,
  And never a soul turned back
Who sought for a meal or blanket,
  In the Three-Circle old line shack.

I've lived in palatial mansions,
  Where comfort and wealth were spread;
Where tapestries hung, and clustered
  Themselves 'round my downy bed;
But oh, for those days Back Yonder,
  On Time's ever-changing track,
With my pardners who rode the ranges
  From the Three-Circle old line shack!

It stands alone on a treeless plain.

"OLD SIX-GUN"

YOU'VE been a good old pal to me
In all the years gone by;
You've saved my skin in many a spree,
When Death was lurkin' nigh;
You're rusted some an' battered, too,
But I ain't knockin' none,
'Cuz they's a heap I owe to you,
You handy ol' six-gun!

I packed you on the cattle trail
'Way back in '86,
An' never knowed you yet to fail
When I got in a fix.
You've shot the lights out more'n once
When we struck town fer fun,
An' done a heap o' them fool stunts,
You handy ol' six-gun!

When my ol' paws close on yer grip,
I seem to see once more
The prairie stretches in The Strip,
An' the ol' bunkhouse door

"OLD SIX-GUN"

Where night-times we would sit an' gaze
  Off to'rds the settin' sun —
Oh, wasn't them the happy days,
  You handy ol' six-gun?

I mind them nights we stood on guard
  When we was trailin' steers,
When growlin' thunder ripped an' jarred
  An' grumbled in our ears.
An' how that stampede made us sweat!
  'Twas sure a lively run!
You barked a-plenty then, you bet,
  You handy ol' six-gun!

An' now you're hangin' on the wall,
  Where firelight shadows play;
I reck'n, takin' all in all,
  That you hev seen your day.
But when I think what you've been through,
  An' all you've seen an' done,
A million plunks would not buy you,
  You handy ol' six-gun!

OUT IN THE GOLDEN WEST

HEARTS are sturdy and strong and true,
Out in the Golden West.
Cares and sorrows are mighty few,
Out in the Golden West.
Business goes with a rush and rustle;
Everybody is on the hustle;
Life is teeming with go and bustle,
Out in the Golden West.

Men are willing to take a chance,
Out in the Golden West.
There is plenty of gay romance
Out in the Golden West.
Maybe folks are a trifle rougher;
Some, perhaps, are a trifle tougher,
But they are quick to call a bluffer,
Out in the Golden West.

Oh, but the life is broad and free,
Out in the Golden West.
Plenty of show for you and me,
Out in the Golden West.

OUT IN THE GOLDEN WEST

There's where the skies are bluer, clearer;
There's where friendships are truer, dearer;
Heaven itself seems a trifle nearer,
  Out in the Golden West.

There is a tang to the mountain air,
  Out in the Golden West.
Nature's beauties are everywhere,
  Out in the Golden West.
Mountain peaks seem to loom up higher;
Of their grandeur we never tire;
It is the Land of Heart's Desire,
  Out in the Golden West.

Somehow we love it the more we stay,
  Out in the Golden West.
Grips us tighter from day to day,
  Out in the Golden West.
Mountain, canyon and prairie hold us;
Mother Nature leans to enfold us;
Yes, 'tis better than what they told us,
  Out in the Golden West.

TO AN OLD BRANDING IRON

YOU'RE a warped and rusty relic of the days of Long Ago,
Ere the foot of Progress entered where you ruled with iron hand;
You are of an age departed; of an epoch none may know
Who have never watched the conquest that you made throughout the land.
You have blazed the way for nesters who have turned their furrows deep
Where the great herds roamed the prairies when you held unruffled sway;
You have seen advancing thousands with their goods and chattels creep
Out across the dusty ranges where the cattle chose to stray.

. . .

You were pioneer and master in a region wild and rough;
You were monarch in a section where a six-gun was the law;
You were backed by men of action, who were made of sterner stuff
Than the country to the eastward of their ranges ever saw.

TO AN OLD BRANDING IRON

You have seen the cattle barons waxing rich in cows and steers
From the brand you burned upon them in the dusty old corral;
For you were the leading factor in the West for thirty years
Ere the nesters claimed the country you had ruled so long and well.

On a thousand hills were cattle that had felt your smoking brand,
And the draws and coulees echoed with the bellowing of herds;
And they plowed a trail behind them as they straggled through the land,
Urged by sinewy cowpunchers who were careless with their words.
By the onward march of Progress were your conquests held for naught;
And you saw the herds forced slowly from the lands which you had won;
You have bowed to plow and reaper, which intruded where you fought,
And have watched your thousands scatter toward the far-off setting sun.

TO AN OLD BRANDING IRON

But the cattle trails are grassy, and the herds no longer roam
Through the lands you fought to conquer from a subtle, cunning foe;
For the nesters came and fenced it, and the spot you knew as home
Had no ties to hold you longer, and you gladly chose to go.
Rippling seas of grain now ripen where the puncher rode the range,
And the hills no longer echo to his lusty shout, long-drawn;
You were forced to yield to Progress, with her customs new and strange;
You're a warped and rusty relic of a life forever gone!

MY DESERT FASTNESS

I'M in my desert fastness —
The silent, painted land —
Where sunrise glories thrill me,
And where, across the sand,
Gleam splendors which no painter
But God Himself can show,
In changing lights and shadows,
Spilled by the sunset's glow.

Across the wide arroyos
The broken buttes rise high,
And far beyond, the mountains,
Whose white crests pierce the sky.
The wine-like air brings to me
The desert smells I love —
The scent of sage and greasewood,
From mesa-lands above.

I'm in my desert fastness —
A barren solitude —
No city noises clanging
Outside my cabin rude.

MY DESERT FASTNESS

Only the gentle breezes
  Across the sagebrush floor,
In low-crooned, soothing whispers,
  Drift idly past my door.

Oh, glorious desert country,
  Your magic spell I know!
Your lure is strong, resistless,
  When from your depths I go!
Your wild wastes call and beckon
  In accents glad and true,
And your calm stretches soothe me,
  When I return to you!

THE DISAPPOINTED TENDERFOOT

HE reached the West in a palace car, where the writers tell us the cowboys are,
With the redskin bold and the centipede, and the rattlesnake and the loco weed.
He looked around for the Buckskin Joes and the things he'd seen in the Wild West shows —
The cowgirls gay and the broncos wild, and the painted face of the Injun child.
He listened close for the fierce warwhoop, and his pent-up spirits began to droop,
And he wondered then if the hills and nooks held none of the sights of the story books.

He'd hoped he would see the marshal pot some bold bad man with a pistol shot,
And entered a low saloon by chance, where the tenderfoot is supposed to dance
While the cowboy shoots at his bootheels there, and the smoke of powder begrims the air;
But all was quiet as if he'd strayed to that silent spot where the dead are laid.

Not even a faro-game was seen, and no one flouted the
long, long green.
'Twas a blow for him who had come in quest of a touch
of the real wild woolly West.

He vainly sought for a bad cayuse, and the swirl and
swish of the flying noose,
And the cowboy's yell, as he roped a steer, but nothing
of this fell on his ear.
Not even a wide-brimmed hat he spied, but derbies flour-
ished on every side,
And the spurs and chaps and the flannel shirts, the high-
heeled boots and the guns and quirts,
The cowboy saddles and silver bits and fancy bridles and
swell outfits
He'd read about in the novels grim, were not on hand
for the likes of him.

He peered about for the stagecoach old, and a miner-man
with a bag of gold,
And a burro-train with its packloads which he'd read
they tie with the diamond hitch.
The rattler's whirr and the coyote's wail ne'er sounded
out as he hit the trail;

And no one knew of a branding bee or a steer round-up
that he longed to see;
But the oldest settler, named Six-Gun Sim, rolled a cig-
arette and remarked to him:
"The West hez gone to the East, my son, and it's only
in tents sich things is done."

MY OLD SOMBRERO

COMRADE of frontier glories,
Relic of old trail days,
Battered and weather-beaten,
Over the rough-hewn ways,
Bringing the breath of prairies,
Silvered with morning dew —
Here's to you, old sombrero,
Here is a toast to you!

Ah, but sweet memories linger
Over your well-worn crown,
Fragrant with sage and greasewood,
Out on the mesas brown!
Hark to the trail-songs yonder,
Sung by a round-up crew!
Here's to you, old sombrero,
Visions so dear of you!

Out of the dust-clouds rising,
Straggles a trail-herd slow,
Winding in snaky column,
Out to the plains below.

MY OLD SOMBRERO

There is a glimpse of coulees
  Blossomed with flowers new —
Memories, old sombrero,
  Memories sweet of you!

There in your dingy likeness,
  Bringing a dream of home,
Thinking of bunkhouse pardners,
  Out where the longhorns roam.
Here where the firelight glistens,
  Memories we'll renew,
Graven, my old sombrero,
  Deep in the heart of you!

Musty and gray and drooping,
  You hang on your rusty nail,
Only an old-time relic,
  A dream of the cattle trail.
But oh, how the heart-beat quickens,
  And visions come crowding fast,
When I look at you, old sombrero,
  And think of the happy Past!

WYOMING

I'LL give to you the whole round earth,
And all there is within it —
Just take it all for what it's worth
This very blessed minute,
If you'll leave me one little spot
Out there beyond the gloaming —
The only homeland that I've got —
My glorious old Wyoming!

'Way up beyond the smoke that palls,
Your peaks rise white and hoary,
And on the crooning breeze there falls
The music of your glory.
'Tis there my feet would fondly turn,
'Tis there my thoughts go roaming,
And for your plains and peaks I yearn,
My glorious old Wyoming!

Your wide, free ranges stretch away,
And call and beckon to me;
In all my visions through the day,
Your azure skies pursue me.

WYOMING

I long for your wild canyon deeps,
  Where mountain streams go foaming,
Out where the sunset glory creeps,
  My glorious old Wyoming!

For me no spot can quite compare
  With your cloud-capped expanses;
I love your rocky ranges there,
  Where soft the sunlight glances.
I love your sagebrush-covered plains,
  Where mighty herds are roaming,
And every spot where beauty reigns,
  My glorious old Wyoming!

Your stalwart sons have turned the sod,
  And lo, fat fields are gleaming!
Where once fierce tribes of red men trod,
  With progress all is teeming.
I love your skies so fair and blue,
  As softly falls the gloaming,
And my heart fondly turns to you,
  My glorious old Wyoming!

THE OLD YELLOW SLICKER

HOW dear to my heart was that old yellow slicker,
I carried 'way back in my cowpunchin' days;
'Twas stiff as a board, but I wasn't a kicker
When it was a-rainin' an' me huntin' strays.
I carried it tied at the back of my saddle,
All ready for blizzard or windstorm or rain,
An' 'twas my salvation when I had to straddle
My bronc' an' lope out on the mud-spattered plain.
That old yellow slicker,
That spacious old slicker,
I carried on many a round-up campaign!

That old yellow slicker! 'Twas big an' 'twas roomy;
It sure kept me dry when the rain trickled down;
I wore it on night-herd with skies black an' gloomy,
It covered me well from my feet to my crown.
No matter how sloppy or muddy or lowery;
No matter how cold or unpleasant the storm,
No matter how blusterin', gusty or showery,
That old yellow slicker I wore kept me warm!
That ill-fittin' slicker,
That fish-oil-soaked slicker,
Its mission it never yet failed to perform.

THE OLD YELLOW SLICKER

That old yellow slicker which I have defended,
Hangs there in the bunkhouse agin the log wall;
Its mission's fulfilled, an' its range life is ended —
No more do the herds on the cattle-trail call.
But sometimes I dream in the dim summer gloamin',
An' there in the embers which flicker an' change,
I catch a faint glimpse of the herds that were roamin',
An' think of that slicker I wore on the range.
That battered old slicker,
That old yellow slicker,
A cattle-day relic I'll never exchange!

STANDING ON HIS MERITS

IT'S many a time I've plugged the lights,
An' shot holes through the bar,
When I've rid in to see the sights
From off the range afar.
I've nicked the tenderfoot's bootheels
With bullets from my gun,
But I ain't been mixed up in deals
Where killin' must be done.

I know I've painted things some red
When I've come off the range,
An' sometimes I hev lost my head,
An' acted wild an' strange.
I've rid my hawss in through the door
To git somebody's goat,
But one thing I ain't done, fer shore —
I never sold my vote!

You cain't blame me fer gittin' gay,
An' playin' my best cyards,
When I've spent many a lonesome day
With steers an' cows fer pards.

STANDING ON HIS MERITS

I may hev made a dern big noise,
  An' yelled to beat the band,
But I ain't never robbed the boys,
  Ner changed a cowman's brand!

I know I ain't no parlor gent —
  That ain't the range I browse —
But I ain't never stole a cent,
  Ner rustled no man's cows.
I reck'n I'm about as square
  As some swell guy of rank
Who's wanted by the sheriff there
  Fer bustin' up a bank!

THE DESERT'S LURE

YOU think the desert's lonely, pard,
But 'tain't, a single bit,
Becuz you miss it mighty hard
When you're away from it.
Its very vastness seems to cheer
And lure you on and on
Where rosy streaks of light appear
To tinge the east at dawn.

Its wide wastes reach a hand to you
Across its sand dunes deep;
Its sagebrush billows call to you
Off where the dim trails creep.
Its cactus-covered mesas seem
Like some fair paradise,
And every day is just a dream
Beneath fair, smiling skies.

And down along its parched expanse,
Where sluggish rattlers crawl,
And phantom waters gleam and dance,
And gaunt coyotes call,

THE DESERT'S LURE

There's something saying to you "Come!"
And something bids you go,
Becuz those arid lands are Home —
The only home you know.

Its mesas stretch for endless miles,
Far, far where brown buttes stand,
And out across its grim defiles,
Gleam ocean-waves of sand.
The yucca-blossoms nod, snow-white,
Amid the desert bloom,
And on the star-lit summer night
Drifts rare and rich perfume.

And so I say, the desert wild
Just weaves a charm and spell;
You feel that you are Nature's child
When once you know it well.
It beckons, beckons every day,
'Neath bluest skies above,
And in its own enticing way
It wooes — and wins — your love!

THE HOMESICK COWBOY

I'M tired and sick of the city,
My love for its racket has flown;
And nobody cares — that's the pity!
That I am a stranger — alone!
I want to go back where it's quiet,
To the land that I know is the best;
I'm homesick, and I'll not deny it —
I want to go back to the West!

I'm sick of New Yawk and its flurry;
I'm tired of all of its noise;
I jest want to pack up and hurry
Back there to the ranch — and the boys!
I'm weary of streets that are slimy,
These pavements I fairly detest!
I hate it — so sooty and grimy —
I want to go back to the West!

I want to git out where the breezes
Ain't smothered by canyons of brick;
Where a feller kin do as he pleases
With nobody makin' a kick.

THE HOMESICK COWBOY

I'm hungry to tackle a saddle;
  This loafin' in town I detest!
Oh, Gawd, for a bronco to straddle!
  I want to go back to the West!

I'm sick of the grinnin' and guyin'
  When folks size me up on the street;
Yes, pard, there is no use denyin'
  I long for a cowpuncher's seat!
The bunkhouse lights seem to be gleamin'
  Far over the canyon's wild breast —
And me here alone — and a dreamin'
  I want to go back to the West!

I'm lonesome to hear a cow bawlin';
  I'm weary for sagebrush and sand;
For nights when the ki-yotes are callin';
  For somethin' that's wearin' a brand!
What wouldn't I give, right this minute,
  To be on the range with the rest,
When the round-up was on — and right in it!
  Oh, I want to go back to the West!

THE SHORT-GRASS COUNTRY

OUT in the short-grass country,
Out where the greasewood grows;
Out where the ki-yote hollers,
Out where the blizzard blows!
That is the place I'm seekin',
That is the land for me,
Ridin' a-straddle
A cowpunch saddle,
Over the sagebrush sea!

Out in the short-grass country,
Out on the mesas brown,
Far from the rush and worry,
Far from the haunts of town.
Out where it's peace and quiet,
Restful and calm and free,
Ridin' a-straddle
A cowpunch saddle,
Over the sagebrush sea!

Out in the short-grass country,
Out where yer pals are true;
Drinkin' the glorious sunshine,
Under the skies of blue.

Out of yer tarp at daylight,
  Frisky as you can be,
    Ridin' a-straddle
    A cowpunch saddle,
  Over the sagebrush sea!

Out in the short-grass country,
  Out where there's room to spare;
Out where no smoke's pollutin'
  The fresh-blown prairie air.
Out where no street-kyars bother,
  Out where yer safe, by gee!
    Ridin' a-straddle
    A cowpunch saddle,
  Over the sagebrush sea!

Out in the short-grass country!
  Pardner, say, ain't it fine?
Livin' in perfect freedom,
  Out where the air's like wine.
Nothin', you bet, can beat it!
  Life is a jubilee,
    Ridin' a-straddle
    A cowpunch saddle,
  Over the sagebrush sea!

HIS TRADE-MARKS

THE cowboy ain't no dandy
When it comes to wearin' clo'es;
But when he trails to the city,
He'll go as other folks goes.
But there's just two things he's wearin'
From which he never scoots —
He'll stick to his old sombrero,
He'll stick to his high-heeled boots!

He'll tackle a stranglin' collar
That's hitched to a stiff b'iled shirt;
He'll discard his chaps and gauntlets,
And wash off the prairie dirt;
But he'll hang to two possessions,
Though folks turn up their snoots —
He'll stick to his old sombrero,
He'll stick to his high-heeled boots!

He'll peel off his old bandana,
And his overalls, too, he'll drop,
And he'll wear store duds and neckties,
And his old blue shirt he'll swap.

But for just a part of his outfit
  He never has substitutes —
He'll stick to his old sombrero,
  He'll stick to his high-heeled boots!

He'll part his hair in the middle,
  And with perfume adorn his pelt;
He'll put on some real suspenders,
  Instead of a ca'tridge belt.
He'll lay off the gun he's wearin'
  But in spite of the jeers and hoots,
He'll stick to his old sombrero,
  He'll stick to his high-heeled boots!

Oh, yes, he's a queerish mixture
  When in from the range he strays,
And puts on a town man's toggin's,
  And copies the town man's ways.
But when to the town he's comin'
  To mix with the dude recruits,
He'll stick to his old sombrero,
  He'll stick to his high-heeled boots!

A BUNKHOUSE REVERY

HEAVEN may be a finer spot
Than this rollin' mundane sphere,
But I'm mighty glad I've got
Interests that keep me here!
Streets of gold is mighty nice,
And a shinin' crystal sea,
But you bet they don't entice
Earthly charms away from ME!

Mansions built o' precious stones;
Angels wingin' up and down;
Music in harmonic tones,
And a diamond-studded crown —
Yes, it all sounds rather swell,
When you've quit your life career,
But I hope that for a spell
I'll be brandin' cows down here!

Don't believe that heaven kin beat
These ol' prairies in the Spring,
When the birds is singin' sweet,
And the grass peeps up, by jing!

A BUNKHOUSE REVERY

Heaven may be a paradise,
  But I'd ruther spend my hours
Right where I kin feast my eyes
  On a range all decked with flowers!

Why, the sun cain't shine, I know,
  Any brighter, way up there;
And no fairer breezes blow
  I am sartin, anywhere.
And no pal on heaven's range
  Beats the pard who shares my fun!
Bet your life I wouldn't change
  Good ol' Slim fer anyone!

Heaven is fine in lots o' ways,
  So the gospel-sharps have told,
But I ain't a-huntin' strays
  Yet awhile, through streets of gold!
Don't believe that heaven-spot
  With its angel-band of white,
And its harps and crowns has got
  This ol' earth discounted QUITE!

THE DYING COWBOY

OL' pal, I'm goin' away off yonder,
To the country that borders the Great Divide,
An' I've been dreamin' an' tried to ponder
What's lyin' there on the other side.
Do the hardy fellows who ride its ranges
Strike trails o' peace in its valleys fair,
Without no blizzards nor weather changes,
Or wild stampedes on its mesas there?

I wonder, too, if the skies are bluer
Than those that shelter us here below?
And the Round-Up Boss — is he any truer
Than Jim or Billy, I'd like to know?
Is there any chance of a gun perceedin',
Or don't six-shooters come into play?
I reck'n p'raps, that we're ruther needin'
To know the Bible an' how to pray.

Shall I pack my chaps an' my spurs an' saddle,
My ol' sombrero an' blue wool shirt?
Er don't the broncs that we'll hafto straddle
On heaven's ranges, know bit or quirt?

THE DYING COWBOY

I s'pose there's never no quicksands lyin'
  Around the streams of that golden land,
An' never a howlin' gale defyin'
  The heart an' nerve of its angel band.

They say there's nothin' but peace an' gladness
  A-waitin' there for the boys who go,
'Cuz the gospel-sharps say there ain't no badness
  Like that on this earthly range below.
It looks to me like a sure-'nuff winner,
  They's no night-ridin' to be gone through,
An' though you're branded a low-down sinner,
  The Foreman's waitin' to welcome you.

Bend low, ol' pal, for a misty shimmer
  Is dimmin' my eyes, an' I seem to see
That heaven range through the dusky glimmer,
  An'— hark! 'tis the Foreman a-callin' me!
The songs of the angel-band so tender
  Drift softly down through the chaparral;
Good-by, ol' pal, we will meet Up Yender,
  At the bars of the heavenly Home Corral!

A CORRAL SOLILOQUY

YOU'VE been roped an' saddled an' bridled an' straddled;
I've spurred you an' quirted you, too;
You squealed an' cavorted; you sunfished an' snorted,
As 'round the corral we both flew.
Your temper is sassy; your actions is classy;
For buckin' you've sure got an itch;
I've swore I will bust you so that I kin trust you,
So pitch, you ol' pie-biter, pitch!

Your eye is afire with one bad desire —
To git me down there in the dirt!
Go to it, ol' feller; there's no streak o' yeller
Beneath my ol' blue flannel shirt!
I've met you an' matched you; I've larruped an' scratched you;
You cain't pile me there in the ditch!
You won't be the winner, you buck-jumpin' sinner,
So pitch, you ol' pie-biter, pitch!

You're gruntin' an' lungin' an' squealin' an' plungin',
An' corkscrewin' 'round like a top;
You'd sure like to eat me, but you cain't unseat me;
I'll ride you, ol' hawss, till you drop!

A CORRAL SOLILOQUY

You are a jim-dandy; you're tough an' you're sandy;
  The way you go to it is rich;
So keep on a-humpin' yer back up an' jumpin',
  An' pitch, you ol' pie-biter, pitch!

You're gittin' some wheezy; you don't find it easy
  To rattle this whoopin' cowpunch!
In spite of your kickin' you'll find me still stickin',
  So lemme jest hand you this hunch:
You ain't the fust disgusted cayuse I've busted,
  An' rode to a frazzle an' sich;
If you only knew it, you gotta come to it,
  So pitch, you ol' pie-biter, pitch!

THE WEST

WHEN you have lived out in the West
Till it becomes a part of you,
And you've a feeling in your breast
No other spot on earth will do;
When you can call the desert home,
And love the ranges vast and drear,
Then every butte and rocky dome,
And stretch of sage will grow more dear.

When every flaming sunset seems
To hold you by a magic spell,
And you have visions in your dreams
Of mesa tops and chaparral;
And when the rolling prairie land
You love more than the city street,
Then shall you know and understand
The charm which draws your eager feet.

When all of God's great out-of-doors
You worship with a new delight;
When rocky ridge and canyon floors
Show added wonders day and night;

THE WEST

When wide, free plains seem reaching out
  To welcome you with open arms,
You will have learned, without a doubt,
  The secret of the great West's charms.

When you can ride each lengthening trail
  Without a sense of loneliness;
When every coulee, draw and swale
  Holds beauties which you may possess;
When you can read the starry skies
  Beneath which you lie down to rest,
Then shall you know and realize
  The fascination of the West!

And I'll go back . . . where the sagebrush billows roll.

THE BUNKHOUSE BOYS

WHO are a mighty happy crew
In ev'rything they say and do?
The wildest bunch I ever knew —
The bunkhouse boys.

Who, though their manners may be rough,
Are true as steel — the pure gold stuff,
And mighty quick to call a bluff?
The bunkhouse boys.

Who ride the ranges, lone and drear,
And herd the bawlin', restless steer
Through storm and sunshine, year on year?
The bunkhouse boys.

Who ride through town to have their fun,
With foamin' broncos on the run,
And smoke a-spittin' from each gun?
The bunkhouse boys.

Who paint the place a lurid red,
When decent folks are all in bed?
The bunch that's allus raisin' Ned —
The bunkhouse boys.

THE BUNKHOUSE BOYS

Who blow their hard-earned ducats in
At playin' poker — lose or win,
And take their losses with a grin?
The bunkhouse boys.

When they ain't broke, who allus lends
A five or ten-spot to their friends,
An' don't expect no dividends?
The bunkhouse boys.

Who are the kings of sagebrush land,
And allus give the glad, glad hand?
The crowd that wears the true-blue brand —
The bunkhouse boys.

TO A BACON RIND

WE packed you along when we tamed the wild West;
You helped grease the way for the brave pioneer;
Of all the grub carried, you sure was the best;
We stuck to an' swore by you, year after year.
The cowman came in, an' your smoky ol' hide
An' savory smell, was the buckaroo's friend;
On fires of sagebrush your slices we fried,
An' off on the round-up you stuck to the end.

We carted you over the Santa Fe trail
In blizzards o' winter an' summery heat;
An' not for a minnit, by jinks, did you fail
When men was a-growlin' for somethin' to eat.
We lugged you along when we delved for the gold
Deep hidden in canyon, or rocky defile;
The half of your worth hasn't ever been told;
For you are the grub that was allus in style.

We tasted your crispy an' delicate self
From little St. Joe to the Golden Gate through;
We allus could rummage around on the shelf,
An' be mighty sure of a section of you.

TO A BACON RIND

You tickled our palate in cabin an' tent;
  You furnished us joy in a desolate land;
As long as we had you the world was content,
  But Lord! how we kicked if you wasn't on hand!

'Tis well, in a way, to give praise to the men
  Who trailed it through desert an' mountain an' plain;
To sing of their glories again an' again,
  Accomplished in many a thrillin' campaign;
An' yet, in these stories of Western conquest,
  Let's put in some credit — a little, at least,
To that which kept hope in the pioneer's breast —
  The hope which Old Bacon so fearlessly greased.

FREDERIC REMINGTON

HE knew the West as only few have known;
He knew the men; he knew the horses, too;
The swarthy, silent trapper, all alone,
The cowman — and he knew what they could do.
The range to him was as an open book;
The peaks and crags and hills — he knew them well;
He knew the secrets in each canyon brook,
And what the great plains whispered he could tell.

At his deft touch the canvas sprang to life;
It glowed with all the colors of the West;
His paint-tubes told the horrors of the strife —
The charge, the savage warwhoop and the rest.
He showed the white-topped wagons, jolting on;
The grim and hardy plainsmen as they rode;
The campfire in the gray of early dawn;
The pack-train with its lashed and swaying load.

He knew the cattle and the brands they bore;
He drew them with a keen and master hand;
He saw and saved to us the West before
There passed the remnants of that valiant band.

FREDERIC REMINGTON

He gave to us the cowboy — carefree, brave;
The riders of the range he pictured true;
'Twas left for him their herds and them to save,
Ere they had passed forever from our view.

A monument to him who knew the West!
Whose brush so deftly told its every tale;
The horses and the men he loved the best,
When he, too, rode the dusty cattle trail.
A shaft to him whose canvas gleams and glows
With colors of the life he loved so well;
And from whose painted pictures ever flows
A charm which weaves o'er us a magic spell!

THE DESERT PROSPECTOR

O'ER miles and miles of arid plain,
Out where the coyote howls,
Where all the brown earth gasps for rain,
The old prospector prowls.
No lover of Progression he,
But stolidly and grim,
He spurns the towns and wanders free,
Where desert lands lure him.

He stumbles o'er the great divides
In search for hidden gold,
And over trackless wastes he strides,
Through varied heat and cold.
The summer sun may scorch and sear,
The winter chill may blight,
But on the ridges, lone and drear,
His campfire gleams at night.

Alone, glum, moody, silent, stern,
A lover of the wild,
Back from the city's haunts he'll turn,
To his life reconciled.

Now cheered where prospects lure him on,
And golden colors gleam,
And now, arising at the dawn,
To find it but a dream.

Over the sand dunes, year on year,
The old prospector stalks,
Lured by the riches lurking near,
But which a harsh fate balks.
Tortured by thirst and storm and sun,
But with a courage bold,
The comforts of the town he'll shun
To delve for hidden gold.

JUANITA

DREAR are the prairies; the ranges are silent;
Mournfully whispers each soft, passing breeze;
Down in the canyon an eddying murmur
Echoes the sigh through the giant pine trees.
Lone are the trails on the brown, dusty mesa,
Up where the gems of the star-world peep through;
Sadly the night-bird is plaintively calling —
'Nita, Juanita, I'm longing for you!

Out where the herds dot the range in the Springtime;
Out where the flowers you loved nod and sway,
Memory brings me a vision of sadness,
Brings me a dream of a once-happy day.
Over the trails you are riding beside me,
Under the canopied heavens of blue;
Smiling the love that your lips have repeated —
'Nita, Juanita, I'm longing for you!

When steals the night with its grim, dusky shadows,
As 'round the herd I am jogging along,
Your gentle face seems to lighten the darkness,
Each vagrant breeze seems to whisper a song;
Whispers a melody sweetly entrancing,
Telling me, dear, of your love ever true;
Whispers an echo which sets my heart dancing —
'Nita, Juanita, I'm longing for you!

A PRAIRIE MOTHER'S LULLABY

THE sunset deepens in the West;
Faint shadows drift across the sky,
So sleep, dear heart, on mother's breast,
And rock away to dreamy rest
To her low, soothing lullaby.
The night wind breathes across the plain;
The moonbeams shed a luster bright;
The cattle low a weird refrain
Upon the star-lit summer night.

By-low, babe, oh, rockaby!
By-low, babe, oh, hushaby!
Down the winding mountain trail thy daddy rides where
shadows creep!
So-ho, baby, close thine eyes,
By-low, babe, the sunset dies!
Sleep, my little prairie wildflower, lullaby, oh, sleep!

Upon the mesa, bare and brown,
The slinking, gaunt coyotes prowl,
And hark! Upon the silent air,
In ghostly cadence echoing there,
Floats forth the gray wolf's mournful howl!

A PRAIRIE MOTHER'S LULLABY

The cowboy's song rings loud and clear,
As 'round the bedded herd he rides;
And from the stunted sagebrush near,
The sluggish rattler smoothly glides.

By-low, babe, oh, rockaby!
By-low, babe, oh, hushaby!
O'er the rugged buttes and foothills golden moonbeams
shyly peep.
So-ho, baby, close thine eyes!
Dream, to mother's lullabies.
Sleep, my little prairie wildflower, lullaby, oh, sleep!

BACK TO ARIZONA

TAKE me back to Arizona as it was in early days,
Ere the cowboy on the ranges had the moving-picture craze.
Let me see the festive puncher with his bronco on the run,
Coming into town and shooting up the landscape with his gun.
Let me see the chuckawalla and the Gila monster, too,
Of the murderous Apache let me get a fleeting view;
Let me see a frontier squabble as it was in days of yore,
When the "bad man" of the border waded in a sea of gore.

Take me back to Arizona and the plains of alkali;
On the cactus-covered mesa in the desert let me lie;
Let me hear the rattler rattling as he crawls about the sand,
And the restive cattle bawling as they feel the red-hot brand.
Let me see the city marshal make a gun-play in the street,
And a victim later buried with his boots upon his feet;
Take me back to Arizona; let me see a poker game
As in days when it was prudent not to ask a stranger's name.

BACK TO ARIZONA

Take me back to Arizona, where they " sized " a fellow, not
By the boodle which he carried, but the skill with which he shot;
Where the towns were short on water, but all-fired long on gin,
And there never was much mourning when a fellow-man " cashed in."
Take me back among the ki-yotes and the centipedes and such,
Where a brand-iron was respected and a " rustler " hated much;
Take me back to Arizona when it lived a wild career,
And they had a man for breakfast every morning in the year!

Take me back to Arizona — Arizona rough and wild,
Where the days were dry and dusty and the whiskey wasn't mild;
Let me live again those stirring frontier days when all was new,
When the faro banks were frequent and the churches mighty few.

Let me join a sheriff's posse and get on a horse thief's
track,
When a hanging-bee was likely if they brought the fellow
back.
Take me back to Arizona in the palmy days I saw,
When high bootheels were in fashion and a six-gun was
the law!

A VOICE FROM THE OPEN

THE light shines soft from yon tinted panes,
And you — you tell me that God is there!
That your shack of marble and wood contains
The One you worship in song and prayer.
But I — I see Him where soft winds blow,
In the open places I love so dear,
Where the pine trees murmur His praises low,
And His guiding presence seems always near.

The shadows gleam on your gilded walls,
And the swelling notes of the organ rise,
But God to me from the Open calls,
And I read His sermon against the skies.
Your choir music is fine and sweet,
But sweeter far is the song to me
From the mountain torrent that leaps to meet
The open arms of the throbbing sea!

Your silken curtains and velvet seats,
With tony people so stiff and grand,
Who sing of a city with golden streets,
And a mansion fine in the heaven-land —

A VOICE FROM THE OPEN

It may appeal to the likes of you,
  But God ain't near when I step inside,
But He speaks to me with a message true
  Where the prairie stretches are deep and wide.

And when I lie by my campfire bright,
  And the long, low shadows look strangely grim,
And the stars peep forth through the silent night,
  How close I feel to the side of Him!
It seems to me I can look afar
  Where, soft and fleecy, the cloud-hills show,
And read His word in each gleaming star
  That shines for me in the afterglow.

Your spire-crowned churches are works of art
  Where the mighty notes of the organ roll,
And the preacher's message may reach your heart,
  And the choir music may cheer your soul;
But when I want to git near the throne,
  O, lead me out where the Open lies!
And let me talk with Him there alone,
  As He smiles on me from His sun-kissed skies!

THE COWGIRL

SHE ain't inclined to'rds lots o' things
That eastern gals can do up brown;
She don't wear jewelry and rings,
Like them swell girls what lives in town;
Her cheeks are tanned an olive tint,
That shows the roses hidin' there;
Her eyes are brown, and there's a hint
Of midnight in her wavin' hair.

She don't go in for fancy hats;
A wide-brimmed Stetson is her pet;
She has no use for puffs and rats;
A harem skirt would make her fret.
She wears a 'kerchief 'round her neck;
At breakin' broncs she shows her sand,
And at a round-up she's on deck,
And twirls a rope with practiced hand.

She doesn't know a thing about
Them motor cars that buzz and whirr,
But when she goes a-ridin' out,
A tough cow-pony pleases her,

THE COWGIRL

Her hands are tanned to match her cheeks;
  Her smile will start your heart a-whirl,
And when she looks at you and speaks,
  You love this rosy, wild cowgirl!

She never saw a tennis court;
  She don't belong to any club,
But she is keen to all range sport,
  And she's a peach at cookin' grub!
She couldn't win at playin' whist;
  She wouldn't think that bridge was fun,
But say, the *hombre* don't exist
  That beats her handlin' a six-gun!

I don't believe she'd make a hit
  At them swell afternoon affairs;
She wouldn't feel at home a bit;
  Them ain't the things for which she cares.
She ain't so keen as some gals is
  At tryin' stunts that's new and strange,
But you can bet she knows her biz
  When she's out on the cattle range!

THE OL' COW HAWSS

WHEN it comes to saddle hawsses, there's a difference in steeds;
There is fancy-gaited critters that'll suit some fellers' needs;
There is nags high-bred an' tony, with a smooth an' shiny skin,
That will capture all the races that you want to run 'em in.
But for one that never tires; one that's faithful, tried an' true;
One that allus is a "stayer" when you have to slam him through,
There is but one breed o' critters that I ever come across
That will allus stand the racket —'tis the

Ol'
Cow
Hawss!

No, he ain't so much fer beauty, for he's scrubby an' he's rough,
An' his temper's sort o' sassy, but you bet he's good enough!
'Cuz he'll take the trail o' mornin's, be it up or be it down,
On the range a-huntin' cattle or a-lopin' into town;

An' he'll leave the miles behind him an' he'll never sweat
a hair,
'Cuz he is a willin' critter' when he's goin' anywhere.
Oh, yer thoroughbred at runnin' in a race may be the
boss,
But fer all-day ridin' lemme have the
Ol'
Cow
Hawss!

When my soul seeks peace an' quiet on the Home Ranch
of the Blest,
Where no storms nor stampedes bother an' the trails are
trails o' rest,
When my brand has been inspected an' pronounced to be
O. K.
An' the Boss has looked me over an' has told me I kin
stay,
Oh, I'm hopin' when I'm lopin' off across that blessed
range,
That I won't be in a saddle on a critter new an' strange!
But I'm prayin' ev'ry minnit that Up There I'll ride
across
That big Heaven Range o' Glory on an
Ol'
Cow
Hawss!

THE RANGE DWELLER TALKS

I WOULDN'T do to decorate a ladies' drawin' room
In one o' them claw-hammer coats, like dudes in cities wears;
I couldn't make a hit at all in that way, I presume,
'Cuz I hain't even halter-broke to sich high-toned affairs.

I never browsed in evenin' clo'es where sage-hens scrape an' bow;
My ol' blue shirt an' overalls an' chaps is all I own;
I'd stampede sure to talk to gals, becuz I don't know how;
I'm only used to Sagebrush Land, becuz I'm sagebrush grown.

I couldn't range the feedin' ground of them swell city guys;
The togs I wear would make 'em laff; I'll own they're ruther rough;
They's lots o' things in city life to which I ain't got wise,
But to the folks with which I mix, I'm plenty good enough.

Their hearts is warm an' big an' free as any hearts on earth;
They shakes your hand some diff'runt than them city roosters do;
They know a feller's failin's an' they know a feller's worth,
An' when he's up agin it he will allus find 'em true.

I may git locoed when I go where city noises roar;
The high-heeled boots I wear wa'n't built for city use, I know,
But put me out upon the range among the cows once more,
An' you kin bet I'm right at home, no matter where I go!

A "BAR-4" BLUFFER

SENCE Andy Brown of the Bar-4
Got piled down at the Cheyenne fair,
He isn't wuth a cuss no more
At ridin' broncs that pitch an' r'ar.

He used to brag he was the boss
Bronc-peeler at this ridin' game,
An' sed thar wa'n't no outlaw hawss
On all the range he couldn't tame.

Us punchers took him at his word;
We swallered all his blow an' brag;
He tol' us that he was a bird
At ridin' any outlaw nag.

He got us locoed — darn his hide!
But after all, it wasn't strange;
The smooth an' easy way he lied,
Got us stampeded off our range.

Our outfit gambled every cent
That Andy Brown would not git throwed,
An' when our cash was in, we went
An' bet the outfits that we rode.

A "BAR-4" BLUFFER

Our saddles, six-guns an' our chaps,
  Our ropes, our bridles, an', to boot,
Our spurs, our bits an' other traps —
  We bet 'em all on that galoot!

He drawed a little buckskin mare,
  An' when he'd cinched, they turned her loose;
Two jumps an' he went in the air,
  A-clawin' leather like the deuce!

. . . . . .

Our faith in Andy Brown has sagged;
  Our outfit's wiser, to a man;
He may ride outlaws as he's bragged;
  But darned if we believe he can!

THE GRUB-PILE CALL

THERE'S lots o' songs the puncher sang in roundin' up his herds;
The music wasn't very grand, an' neither was the words.
No op'ry air he chanted, when at night he circled 'round
A bunch of restless longhorns that was throwed on their bed-ground;
But any song the cowboy on his lonely beat would bawl,
Wa'n't half as sweet as when the cook would start the grub-pile call.

I've heard 'em warble "Ol' Sam Bass" for hours at a time;
I've listened to the "Dogie Song," that well-known puncher rhyme;
"The Dyin' Cowboy" made me sad, an' "Mustang Gray" brung tears,
While "Little Joe the Wrangler" yet is ringin' in my ears.
But of the songs the puncher sang, I loved the best of all,
That grand ol' chorus when the cook would start the grub-pile call.

THE GRUB-PILE CALL

There wasn't any sound so sweet in all the wide range land;
There wa'n't a song the puncher was so quick to understand.
No music that he ever heard so filled him with delight
As when he saw the ol' chuck-wagon top a-gleamin' white;
An' like a benediction on his tired ears would fall
The sweetest music ever heard — the welcome grub-pile call.

I've laid at night an' listened to the lowin' of the steers;
I've heard the coyote's melancholy wail ring in my ears.
The croonin' of the night-wind as it swept across the range
Was mournful-like an' dreary, an' it sounded grim an' strange.
But when the break o' day was near, an' from our tarps we'd crawl,
The mornin' song that charmed us was that welcome grub-pile call.

THE RETURN OF "BUD"

BUD SANDS he's with the boys once more!
You bet we're glad to see him back!
On all the East he is plumb sore,
"Gimme," says Bud, "this ol' line shack!
Them city noises in my ears
They got my locoed senses r'iled;
I'd ruther hear a herd o' steers
That had stompeded an' gone wild!"

Bud says them man-made canyons there
Back in Noo York, is mighty high.
"I couldn't ketch a breath o' air,
Ner see a thing," sed Bud, "but sky!
An' you kin walk from end to end
Of that durn town the hull day through,
An' never meet a single friend,
Ner hear folks shoutin' 'Howdy-do'!"

Bud says he won't go back agin.
"Right hyar," says Bud, "I'll end my days,
An' with the bunkhouse bunch cash in —
No more fer me them city ways!

THE RETURN OF "BUD"

The ol' Bar-4 is good enough,
So I am goin' to stick around,
'Cuz forty-per ain't half so tough
As rangin' on a strange bed-ground!"

Bud says when he'd go down the street
In his ol' Stetson, folks 'ud stare,
An' size him up from head to feet,
Jest like he had no bizness there.
"I sure made up my mind," Bud said,
"It wa'n't no place fer sech as I,
With street kyars rumblin' overhead,
An' benzine broncos scootin' by."

So Bud, he is a happy lad,
With six cowponies to his string;
He says that he'll be mighty glad
When we start roundin' up this spring.
He's some cow hand, you bet, Bud is!
He's down there now in the corral
A-gentlin' them there broncs o' his,
An' holy mack'rel, hear him yell!

THE INEVITABLE

I'VE packed my war-bag full o' duds,
I've sacked my saddle, too;
They've sold the ranch to city bloods,
And I am feelin' blue!
The bunkhouse has been padlocked tight,
It's good-by to my pards;
No more around the ol' oil light
We'll have our game o' cards!

And down there in the ol' corral,
The dust ain't flyin' thick,
And you don't hear no cowpunch yell
While watchin' someone stick
Aboard a squealin' outlaw's back —
Them good ol' days hev gone,
And me and Slim and Happy Jack
Hev got to mosey on.

The range is shy the cows and steers
That roamed about at will;
I never heard, in years and years,
This ol' ranch so durn still!

THE INEVITABLE

They make me sick — them tenderfeets
  That to this region trots
And lays this ol' ranch out in streets
  With fancy b'ildin' lots!

The pony bunch has all been sold;
  It durn near makes me cry;
It seems to me I'm gettin' old,
  To see the cow game die.
I reck'n I must bow to Fate
  When off this range I creep,
And earn my livin' in some state
  A-herdin' blattin' sheep!

A ROAR FROM THE BUNKHOUSE

NARY thing to eat Thanksgivin'
Only tin can truck!
Gittin' tired of sich livin',
Blame th' orn'ry luck!
Nothin' only beans an' bacon —
Pard, excuse these tears!
Seems jest like we've been fursaken —
Darn this punchin' steers!

Folks back home are jest a-stuffin'
Turkey-meat an' pie;
At them feed-fests there's no bluffin';
Gosh, it makes me sigh!
No sich dinner fer us fellers
In this camp appears;
Turkey ain't fer cowboys' smellers —
Darn this punchin' steers!

Weather soggy-like an' murky;
Makes me mighty blue;
Thinkin' of Thanksgivin' turkey
Makes me h'umsick, too.

Sour-dough bread an' canned tomaters
  Ain't th' grub that cheers;
Oh, fer pie an' mashed pertaters!
  Darn this punchin' steers!

Bunkhouse bunch are sick as blazes
  Bein' fed this way;
Gittin' so th' maynoo raises
  Sam Hill ev'ry day!
Ev'ry mother's son a-kickin'
  When th' truck appears!
Never git a sniff o' chicken —
  Darn this punchin' steers!

Same ol' bread an' beans furever!
  Gosh, we'd like a change!
Reck'n we won't git it never
  While we ride th' range!
Oh, fer some o' mother's cookin'—
  That's th' dope that cheers!
Guess my callin' I've mistooken —
  DARN this punchin' steers!

OUT OF HIS ELEMENT

A-WALKIN down yer city streets
Shet in by solid walls,
An' not a single friend that greets,
An' no pard's voice that calls,
I feel more lonesome than I do
'Way out there on the range,
'Cuz ev'rything I see is new,
An' ev'ry face is strange.

I'm darned if I kin understand
How city folks gits on!
It's rush an' jump to beat the band
Till all o' daylight's gone.
An' after that it's come an' go,
While ev'rything jest hums
From when the sun is sinkin' low
Ontil the daylight comes.

Nobody hollers "Howdy-do!"
Ner stops to pow-wow some;
Nobody cares a darn fer you,
Er who you be, by gum!

They elbows you along right smart,
  An' cops tell you to hike,
But no one ever makes a start
  To'rds bein' friendly-like.

I reck'n I wa'n't made to be
  Cooped up in sich a place,
'Cuz you cain't look around an' see
  Some ol' pal's friendly face.
Yer sky-line bounds is walls o' brick,
  The air is damp an' foul;
It ain't no wonder that I kick,
  An' raise a he-wolf's howl!

I like it best where elbow room
  Is plenty big an' wide;
Where I kin glimpse a sea o' bloom
  Stretch out on ev'ry side.
Where stompin'-ground ain't all penned in
  By walls an' fences, too,
An' where folks grabs you by the fin
  An' hollers "Howdy-do!"

REMARKS BY "BRONCO BOB"

I WOULDN'T make no Wall Street king;
I'm no financial guy;
I don't know much o' anything
But makin' money fly.
But I kin pitch a rope an' git
A steer at ev'ry throw,
An' on the ranges I am "it,"
'Cuz cows is all I know.

I wouldn't make no parlor gent
Close-herdin' gals — that's right!
'Cuz I ain't wuth a tarnal cent,
When wimmen heaves in sight.
But when I'm asked to read a brand,
Or tame an outlaw hawss,
Well, pard, that's biz I understand;
That's where I am the boss.

I couldn't sing no op'ry air;
At that I ain't no bird,
But I kin bawl out purty fair
When I am on night herd.

The wildest bunch I ever knew—the bunkhouse boys.

REMARKS BY "BRONCO BOB"

I don't know this "Il Trovatore"
That's bragged up purty steep,
But "Swannee River" when I roar,
Makes cattle go to sleep.

I ain't no city dude, that's sure,
With starched-up shirt, by gee!
For me the city has no lure;
It's Sagebrush Land for me!
A bronc' that's scrubby, tough an' hard,
An open range to roam;
A blanket in the bunkhouse, pard,
An' that's what I call home!

I'm clean stampeded when some girl
Comes maverickin' 'round
To git my bronco heart a-whirl,
An' range my feedin' ground.
But when the brandin' fires gleam,
An' round-up work gits hot,
I ain't a-travelin' in no dream,
I'm Johnny-on-the-spot!

CHRISTMAS WEEK IN SAGEBRUSH

IT is Christmas week in Sagebrush, and the old town's only store
Never had, sence it was opened, such a run o' trade before.
Ev'ry rancher is a-blowin' his " dinero " full and free,
Buyin' gim-cracks for the young'uns to put on the Christmas tree.

The cowboys ride in muffled in their wolf-skin coats and chaps,
And the rancher's wife is wearin' all her extry furs and wraps;
'Cuz nobody takes no chances on a norther breakin' loose,
Fer a blizzard on the prairy's purty apt to raise the deuce.

The ponies that are standin' all a-shiver at the rack,
Champ their bits, and paw and nicker for their riders to come back;
Ev'ry poker joint is runnin', and there's faro and roulette,
And the booze-joints are a-grabbin' all the punchers they can get.

CHRISTMAS WEEK IN SAGEBRUSH

The picter show is crowded full o' riders off the range
Who are watchin' actor cowboys doin' stunts that's new and strange;
Ev'ry film brings groans and hisses, 'cuz the guys upon the screen
Go through lots o' monkey bizness that a cow ranch never seen.

The town's one street is swarmin' with a motley cavalcade,
And the reservation Injun in his togs is on parade;
The squaws bring lots o' plunder of the beaded kind to sell,
While her lord goes after whiskey — but cain't even git a smell!

From the dance halls comes the echoes of a squeaky violin,
Where the painted dames are ropin' all the gay cowpunchers in;
For it's Christmas week in Sagebrush, and there won't a puncher go
Back to ride the wintry ranges while he has a cent to blow!

ON NIGHT HERD

SO-HO, longhorns! Quit yer callin!
Bed down, now, and be good steers!
Stop that blamed infernal bawlin',
Fer it's bedlam in my ears!
You're in fer a good ol' cussin'
If you don't stop rangin' 'round!
Go to sleep and quit yer fussin',
Pawin' up this swell bed-ground!

So-ho, longhorns! Stop yer proddin'!
Quiet down an' mind yer boss,
An' I'll sing to you whilst ploddin'
'Round the herd on my ol' hoss.
I cain't bawl out like Caruso,
But I'll try my level best;
If you want to hear me do so,
Jest lie down an' go to rest!

So-ho, longhorns! Stop that beller,
Or you'll start a blamed stampede!
You'd jest like to make a feller
Lead you on a burst o' speed!

Like to wake the boys a-lyin'
  Back there by the fire tonight,
So they'd hafto ride a-flyin'
  Fer to stop yer skeery flight!

So-ho, longhorns! Stop that mooin'!
  Darn them Diamon' Circle cows!
All they want to be a-doin'
  Is a-rangin' 'round to browse!
You ain't hungry; you've had water,
  An' you've had a bully feed;
Lie down, longhorns, like you oughter —
  Ain't a darned thing that you need!

So-ho, longhorns! Now I wonder
  What the devil is that noise?
Gosh! it sounds to me like thunder!
  Reck'n I'd best wake the boys!
Hi, you punchers! In yer saddles!
  Bunch 'em close an' hold 'em so!
Quick, afore the herd skedaddles!
  (WOOF!) By hokey! There they go!

THE CALL OF THE RANGE

NOTHIN' but man-made canyons
Of mortar an' steel an' brick!
Nary a stretch of open —
Gosh! but it makes me sick!
Nothin' but roar an' jostle;
Only the pace that kills!
Gimme th' ol' line cabin
Back in th' sagebrush hills!

Nary a soft breeze croonin';
Nothin' but air that's foul,
Smoky an' black an' grimy,
An' street kyars that moan an' growl.
Oh, fer a desert sunrise,
An' bird-songs that chirps an' trills,
An' th' bunkhouse boys a-callin',
Back in th' sagebrush hills!

Rivers of ce-ment pavement!
Oceans of mac-a-dam!
Nothin' but rush an' bustle,
Hurry an' push an' jam!

Wish't I wuz with th' cattle,
  Out where th' ki-yote shrills,
There in the Lord's big Open,
  Back in th' sagebrush hills!

Nobody seems t' see me,
  Even when starin' hard;
Off'n my range, I reck'n,
  Off'n my bed-ground, pard!
Hanged ef I hain't nigh smothered!
  Cain't ketch a breath that fills!
Oh, fer them coolin' breezes,
  Back in th' sagebrush hills!

Trompin' yer brick-built 'royos,
  Dreamin' of home, sweet home!
Thinkin' of ol' range pardners
  Back where I used t' roam.
Somethin' down hyar that's callin',
  Callin' in tones that thrills:
"Come — to yer wide, free ranges,
  Back in th' sagebrush hills!"

THE DESERT SERENADER

SCAVENGER of Sagebrush Land,
Slinking desert nomad gray,
On the mesa top you stand
As the darkness dims the day.
Mournfully o'er draw and hill,
Where in early morn you prowl,
In staccato sharp and shrill,
Floats your quavering, lonely howl:

"Bow-wow-wow! ki-yi-yee-ee-ip-ip-eow-ow-ow!
Bow-wow! ki-yi-i-i-ee-eouw-eow-ow-eow-ow-ow!
Yee-ee-ee-yeow-wow-ow-ow-ki-yip-ee-i-ow-ow!"

With the sunset's glories flung
O'er the buttes in shadows grim,
Then you tune your yelping tongue
For your dreary evening hymn.
And, in ghostly cadence there,
Rising, falling, faint and blurred,
Drifting on the desert air,
Your weird serenade is heard:

"Bow-wow-wow! ki-yi-yee-ee-ip-ip-eow-wow-ow!
Bow-wow! ki-yi-i-i-ee-eouw-eow-ow-eouw-ow-ow-ow!
Yee-ee-ee-yeow-wow-ow-wow-ki-yip-ee-i-ow-ow-ow!"

THE DESERT SERENADER

Specter of the sand dunes drear —
  Sneaking, prowling, eagle-eyed —
Your grim music strikes my ear
  O'er arroyos deep and wide.
Like a funeral dirge it floats
  In a cheerless, somber wail,
And its melancholy notes
  Quaver down the dust-strewn trail:

" Bow-wow-wow! ki-yi-yee-ee-ip-ip-eow-ow-ow-ow!
Bow-wow! ki-yi-i-i-ee-eouw-eow-ow-yip-yee-ow!
Yee-ee-ee-yeow-wow-ow-ki-yip-ee-ow-yeow-ow!"

In the silence of the night,
  Oft I waken from my sleep
In the campfire's flickering light,
  As your mournful echoes creep
Off across the pulseless air,
  Drifting o'er the seas of sand,
And I curse your presence there,
  Scavenger of Sagebrush Land!

" Bow-wow-wow! ki-yi-yee-ip-ip-eow-ouw-ow-ow!
Bow-wow! ki-yi-i-i-ee-eouw-eow-ow-yip-yee-ow!
Yee-ee-ee-yeow-wow-ow-ow-ki-yip-ee-o-wo-wow-ow!"

MY BUNKIE

(To Dr. F. C. Shurtleff)

WHO trailed it with me year on year,
In herdin' long-horned cow an' steer,
But now ain't any longer here?
My bunkie.

Who had a heart so big an' free
He'd give his last durn cent to me,
Though lackin' stall-fed pedigree?
My bunkie.

Who as a "buster" was the boss?
Could tame the wildest outlaw hawss
That anyone could fetch across?
My bunkie.

Who wouldn't back down on a dare
To straddle anything with hair,
But rode it to a finish there?
My bunkie.

Who pitched a rope so skillful that
He allus got what he throwed at,
On mesa, plain or sagebrush flat?
My bunkie.

MY BUNKIE

Who beat at poker ev'ry night
Down there around the bunkhouse light,
But played a game 'twas squar' an' white?
My bunkie.

Who stuck by me through thick an' thin,
In ev'ry scrap we figgered in,
An' many a time has saved my skin?
My bunkie.

Who was the best ol' pal I knew
In all the lone years we lived through?
A diamond rough, but tried an' true —
My bunkie.

Who stopped a bullet in a spree
With rustlers, that was meant for me,
An' died, his head agin my knee?
My bunkie.

Who rides the heavenly ranges dim,
'Way up beyond the star-world's brim,
An' misses me, like I do him?
My bunkie.

"SHEEPED OUT"

IT wasn't very long ago we bossed the ranges wide;
Our cattle wandered to and fro across the great divide.
We roamed its broad and beaten track with all our kith and kin,
But now we're bein' crowded back — the woolly-backs are in!

For it's bleat, bleat, bleat!
Can't you hear 'em up the trail?
They're croppin' all the herbage off
From coulee, hill and swale.
The sullen herder follows on,
And though he travels slow,
It looks as if the fates decreed
The cattle man must go!

We won the West from savage bands, in many a bloody deed,
And blazed our trails across its lands and tamed 'em for our need;
We was the pioneers of all, and though our style was rough,
While we could hear our cattle call, the West was good enough.

But it's bleat, bleat, bleat!
Now the woolly backs are here!
They're crowdin' in upon the range
We've held from year to year.
We fought to git the lands we love,
And now we stand no show;
Our herds are gittin' pushed aside;
The cattle man must go!

Already we've been forced along the range from state to state,
By that blamed idiotic song the cattlemen all hate;
The bobbin' lines of woolly-backs are stretchin' far away,
And we must quit our lands and shacks and seek new range today.

For it's bleat, bleat, bleat!
And a trail o' dust below!
The woolly-backs are crowdin' us,
And we have got to go.
We love the land we fought to win;
It's our'n alone by right,
But we are fadin' with our herds,
And driftin' out o' sight!

THE COWMAN JUBILATES

THE sodden slopes are turnin' green
Where grassy shoots are peepin' out;
The purtiest sight you ever seen —
It makes a cowman want to shout!
The cattle snuff the warm south air,
An' calves are friskin' ev'rywhere.

Each dry arroyo tinkles now
With music of a singin' stream;
It kind o' seems to me somehow
Like Nature wakin' from a dream,
An' rubbin' of her eyes, an' then
A-donnin' her spring duds again.

The dusty sagebrush sheds its stains
Of powdery, pungent alkali,
An' at the comin' of the rains
It seems to give a heartfelt sigh,
An' shake itself a time er two,
An' then bloom out in garments new.

THE COWMAN JUBILATES

The bunkhouse rings with joyous shouts!
  There ain't a puncher feelin' sore,
Er even grouchy hereabouts,
  Sence all the range waked up once more!
Jest hear 'em singin' as they ride
A-lopin' 'crost that big divide!

An' ev'ry bronco's wide awake,
  An' gingery as he kin be;
They'll liven up an' no mistake,
  When they hev browsed on filaree!
There ain't a spot on earth, by jing,
Like this cow ranch in early spring!

THE CATTLE RUSTLERS

OUR stronghold lies where the plains are gashed,
And the coulees twist and bend;
Where the brushy mesas are yet unslashed,
And the buck-brush has no end.
And there we fly when the word comes back
That the cattle barons are on our track.

We take our toll from the herds that roam;
From none do we stay our hand;
In the rolling hills we are right at home
When changing another's brand.
We know the trails and each frowning butte,
And the rustler's quick on the draw and shoot.

We hold our lives in our hands each day,
And Death stalks close by our side;
The rustler knows he is common prey
Wherever the cowmen ride;
Short shrift indeed it will mean for him —
If he is caught, 'tis a noose and limb!

But the rustler's life is a life of ease,
  In the borders of Cattle Land.
With a speedy bronco between his knees,
  And a running-iron in his hand.
We take our toll without fear or fuss
That a sheriff's posse may capture us!

THE BRAGGART

I'VE fit the Injuns often, pard,
An' I hev killed a few;
I've had the varlets chase me hard,
Been captured by 'em, too.
They've give me many a pain an' ache,
An' stripped me of my clo'es,
An' tried to burn me at the stake —
In movin' picter shows!

I was a bad 'un in my prime;
Played outlaw — yes-sirree!
I've done bank robbin' many a time,
An' held up trains, by gee!
An' I've been stabbed an' cut an' shot
A dozen times, I s'pose;
An' helped in many a murder plot —
In movin' picter shows!

I've been a cowboy, you kin bet!
An' played the game all through;
Chased hawss-thieves till it made me sweat,
An' helped lynch rustlers, too.

THE BRAGGART

I've been a hero more'n once,
  An' that's my fav'rit pose;
Whar' did I pull off all these stunts?
  In movin' picter shows!

I've druv a stagecoach in the West,
  Filled full o' human souls;
Had robbers loot the treasure chest,
  An' shoot me full o' holes.
An' held up passengers, by smoke!
  An' took their cash an' clo'es;
I shorely have — this ain't no joke —
  In movin' picter shows!

I've killed nigh onto twenty men,
  An' I've been put in jail,
An' just escaped a lynchin' when
  The sheriff struck my trail.
I'm THE bad man of Bitter Creek!
  When I'm around, gore flows;
Y-e-o-u-w! Jest watch me do the trick —
  In movin' picter shows!

DESERT WINDS

OH, desert winds, you sing to me in accents mild and low,
Of stretches green, where breezes soft go wand'ring to and fro.
You sing of Springtime's balmy hours, of mesas blooming fair,
Until I feel the desert lure that turns my footsteps there.

Oh, desert winds, so cool and sweet, with Springtime's freshest kiss,
You seem to sing, "No spot on earth is half so fair as this."
There is a cadence in your song, which lulls and satisfies;
A soothing rhythm to your croon which nothing else supplies.

Oh, desert winds, I seem to hear you singing as you go,
While perfumes from the Southland in your vagrant breezes blow.
I catch the scent of greasewood on the cooling evening air,
And I can tell the song you sing which bids me come Back There.

DESERT WINDS

Oh, desert winds which blow and blow, you seem to call
" Come home!
Come, where the blossomed range-grass rolls away like
billowed foam!
Come back unto your own once more; I'm calling, calling
free!
I'm singing of the land you love; come, rise and follow
me!"

Oh, desert winds, my heart goes out to your enticing
plea!
I hear your murmured accents drift across the sageland
sea;
Your beauties rise before me from across the rolling sand,
And bind the ties which draw me back to my own desert
land!

LURE OF THE "YELLOW STREAK"

'TIS the yellow streak that tempts us out across the desert wide,
Where the ridges lure us onward over coulee and divide.
'Tis the gleam of precious metal in the slopes along the hills
That gives to us our courage and the desert life its thrills.

We brave the heat of summer when the sun beats fiercely down
Like a molten ball of fire on the stretches bare and brown;
And the chilling blasts of winter — we endure the piercing cold
That our prospect may be favored by the glitter of the gold.

And we stand for thirst and hunger as we wander day by day
Over miles of arid region where the sageland rolls away.
Far removed from habitations of the favored ones we live,
And the best years of our manhood to this game of chance we give.

Sometimes favored by Dame Fortune, but more often
scorned and spurned,
From the comforts of the city to our lone life we have
turned.
And upon the trackless desert, where no kindly voices
speak,
We will keep our quest till favored by the riches that we
seek.

THE CHISHOLM TRAIL

WHERE prairie breezes softly croon
Across the ranges there,
I seem to hear a low, sweet tune
Upon the balmy air;
It echoes softly as it strays
Across each hill and swale,
And sings to me of frontier days
Upon the Chisholm trail.

I look beyond, as in a dream,
And seem to see again
The trail-herds by some sluggish stream,
Just as I saw them then.
I see the drifting dust-clouds rise,
And hear the cowman's hail,
As morning sunbeams tint the skies
Upon the Chisholm trail.

The old chuckwagon top gleams bright;
The campfire smoke I see,
As in the early morning light
The "grub-pile" call rings free;

And from their " tarps " the punchers creep
  As morning stars grow pale,
And toss aside their dreams and sleep,
  To hit the Chisholm trail.

Grass-grown are now the trails we rode;
  The herds have all passed on;
Where once their teeming thousands flowed,
  The last longhorns are gone;
But 'round the campfire's cheery blaze,
  Full many a thrilling tale
Brings back to mind those frontier days
  Upon the Chisholm trail.

THE FRONTIER MARSHAL

THE frontier marshal wa'n't no saint,
Nor weak-kneed cringin' cuss
Who'd knuckle down an' mebby faint
If mixed up in a fuss.
The thing he allus learned well first
Was how to turn a trick,
An' if the worst should come to worst,
To just be trigger-quick.

He was a man who knew the art
Of handlin' a six-gun;
An' when he had to play his part,
He saw that 'twas well done.
He allus aimed to git his man,
An' he shot quick an' straight,
Becuz 'twas apt to spoil his plan
To be a second late.

He wasn't much on dress er looks
Out in that frontier land;
He wasn't posted much on books,
But he had nerve an' sand;

An' many a " bad man " of the plains
  Who crossed him in disputes,
Was quickly planted, for his pains,
  Still wearin' of his boots.

He was the majesty of law
  In them wild border days;
As quick as lightnin' on the draw,
  When mixed in shootin' frays.
So here's to him — that nervy gent,
  The frontier marshal bold,
Who knowed what real gun-fightin' meant
  In them rough days of old.

THE PRODIGAL

I LONGED for the throbbing city with its hurry and rush and all —
The bustle of constant traffic, and I thought I could hear its call.
I thought that I hated the open, the silence and solitude,
Where hushed are the great wide stretches and clamor does not intrude.

I dreamed of the noise of commerce; I sighed for the marts of trade,
Where ever the clangor deafens and business is never stayed.
I looked on my desert fastness as liked to a prison cell,
And chafed that my life was fettered and held by a changeless spell.

I came from my silent ranges and breathed of the city life;
I plunged in its gayest pleasures and tasted its toil and strife;
I felt the taint in my nostrils that flowed on its ceaseless tide,
And recklessly ran the gamut of all of its evil side.

And then I woke from my dreaming and saw in the distance there
My glorious wide, free ranges and tasted the wine-like air;
And voices came drifting to me from over the seas of sand;
"Come back to your desert fastness; come back to your sun-kissed land!"

I saw in the hazy distance the trail to my cabin door,
And smelled on the whispered breezes the scent of the sage once more;
And I will obey the summons that leaps in my blood and thrills,
And list to the lure that beckons my heart to the desert hills.

DESERT DREAMS

THE shadows of twilight are falling across the divide
brown and bare,
And the cooling breeze ripples and rustles as I sit in the
campfire's glare.
The star-world peeps down as the curtain of night is
drawn over the land,
And the calm, solemn hush of the even steals over the
ocean of sand.

'Way off where the last dying sunbeams sink low in the
crimsoning skies,
Where masses of rosy-hued tintings in fleecy-lined cloud-
hills arise,
I think of a wonderful city, with buttress and spire and
dome,
And catch, in that vision of glory, a gleam of the love-
lights of home.

The prattle of happy-eyed children drifts down, and their
presence I greet,
And feel once again their embraces and tender caresses
so sweet;

Their soft, clinging arms are about me; their faces are
fair as the rose;
Their kisses are sweet as the nectar that out of the desert
bloom flows.

I seem to be lifted and carried away from the desert's
weird spell,
Back, back in my mystical dreaming where laughter and
happiness dwell,
To meadows and fields of my boyhood among the child
playmates I knew,
When all the world lying about me was charming and
roseate, too.

And then fades the picture before me; the long, silent
stretches appear;
I rouse from my dreaming as yonder looms up the gaunt
buttes lone and drear.
I listen again for the voices, and drowse in the campfire's
light,
But only the wail of the coyote drifts in on the breeze of
the night!

A COWBOY'S VERSION

WHEN I'm ridin' alone in the night-time way out
on the desolate range,
With the moon shinin' down through the cloud-hills and
the canyons and draws lookin' strange
And the shadowy buttes loomin' dimly, way out where
the coyotes call,
I know that the hand of no human conceived it and fash-
ioned it all.

When I'm lopin' across the wide mesa where blossoms
send out their perfume,
I know that an All-Wise Creator had somethin' to do with
each bloom;
'Cuz no mortal hand on this planet could paint us them
colors, I know,
Nor spangle the coulees and foothills with all the gay
posies that grow.

I know that the green of the ranges don't come at the
biddin' of man;
The landscape makes all of them changes because of the
Creator's plan.

A COWBOY'S VERSION

I know that the beauties about me — the sunshine, the blooms and the rest,
Wa'n't put there by man nor his helpers, but at the good Lord's own behest.

And nights when I lie at the campfire and look at the stars in the sky,
I'm ready to own that no human made all of them planets on high;
But only the Boss of the Heavens reached down from the Home Ranch above,
And moulded and builded and fashioned the blossoms and ranges I love.

BACK TO THE RANGE

I'VE played the movin' picter game,
An' worked it good an' hard,
But it is too all-fired tame
For real cowpunchers, pard.
Them actor-guys are tenderfeet
That never saw the range,
An' when they hit a saddle-seat,
Their ridin's fierce an' strange!

They put us through a lot o' stunts
That punchers never do;
A feller feels jest like a dunce
Afore he gits half through.
It's all a lot o' honey-mush
About some gal, by gee!
'Twould make an honest puncher blush
Sich goin's on to see!

Becuz out on the range, you know,
Around the chaparral,
We never had no time to go
Close-herdin' any gal.

Her smile will start your heart a-whirl.

BACK TO THE RANGE

They's too much rustlin' 'round for strays,
  Or else a-buildin' fence,
Or brandin' calves on round-up days
  For any sich nonsense!

They ain't a cuss in all the bunch
  Kin cinch a saddle right;
'Twould fetch a snort from a cowpunch;
  Their togs is jest a fright!
The other day I most was floored
  Whilst watchin' of the boss,
For in the film he climbed aboard
  The wrong side of his hawss!

I'm sick of all sich sights as those,
  I'll quit an' go back there
Among a bunkhouse bunch that knows
  The cowboy game for fair.
I'll strike for my ol' stompin'-ground
  Where range life is lived true,
Where there's no tenderfoot around
  To show me what to do!

TO HIS COW HORSE

YOU are homelier than sin;
Wouldn't take no beauty prize;
You are scrubby an' you're thin,
An' the devil's in your eyes.
But, ol' pal, I'd bank on you
Over any thoroughbred,
'Cuz I know what you kin do
When you take it in your head.

When I tackled you at first,
You was somethin' on the pitch;
For awhile I got the worst
When you'd land me in the ditch.
How you blatted an' you bawled
In the dusty ol' corral,
When astride your back I crawled
An' let out a cowboy yell!

There is ginger in you yet,
Though you stand with droopin' ears;
Oh, you ain't no slouch, you bet,
When it comes to partin' steers!

TO HIS COW HORSE

'Course you ain't so much on style,
'Cuz you're rode an' larruped hard,
But I'd hunt a derned long while
'Fore I found a better pard!

Though you're ugly as the deuce,
When a mean streak's in your skin,
An' you sometimes jar me loose
When them plunges you begin;
Though your looks don't cut much ice,
You kin put this in your pipe —
Ain't nobody got your price,
'Cuz you ain't for sale, by cripe!

TROUBLE FOR THE RANGE COOK

COME wrangle yer bronco an' saddle him quick!
The cook is in trouble down there by the creek!
Oh, cinch up yer latigoes — all o' you runts,
An' pull 'em so tight that yer ol' bronco grunts.
'Twill need all the punchers the foreman can send,
'Cuz the chuckwagon's mired down there by the bend!

The cattle are scatterin' over the plain,
While punchers are yellin' in language profane!
But let 'em spread out — for the cook's in a muss,
An' quicksands are causin' the feller to cuss.
Oh, this is the time ev'ry puncher's his friend,
'Cuz the chuckwagon's mired down there by the bend!

Come on, with yer ropes that are heavy an' stout!
No grub for the bunch till the wagon's pulled out!
It's in to the hubs an' a-sinkin' down slow,
An' cookie is cussin' an' watchin' it go!
Come, hustle, you punchers an' haul him to land,
Before we are conquered by water an' sand!

A-strainin' of ropes an' a-gruntin' of nags,
An' woe to the puncher whose lariat sags!
It's spur 'em an' quirt 'em, an' make 'em lay to —
An'— now she is movin'! An'— now she is through!
It's worth all the time that the effort required,
'Cuz it's nothin' to eat when the chuckwagon's mired!

RAINY DAY IN A COW CAMP

GUSTY sheets o' rain a-fallin';
Yellow slickers our attire;
Wet, bedraggled longhorns bawlin';
Cook a-cussin' at the fire.
Grub all water-soaked an' soggy;
Foreman's temper all a-flare;
Ev'ry puncher feelin' groggy;
'Dobe stickin' ev'rywhere!

Broncos standin' heads a-droopin';
All their ginger plumb soaked out;
Dumb to all the wrangler's whoopin',
An' to ev'ry puncher's shout.
Saddles sloppy an' a-slippin';
Cinches plastered full o' mud;
Ev'ry ol' sombrero drippin';
'Royos roarin' with the flood.

Ol' cow hawss a-slippin', slidin'
Up an' down the slushy hills;
Punchers all humped up a-ridin';
Ev'ry minnit has its thrills.

RAINY DAY IN A COW CAMP

Wind a-whistlin'; skies a-weepin';
  Slickers flappin' when we lope;
Rain inside our chaps a-creepin';
  Kinks an' knots in ev'ry rope!

Ev'rybody blue an' sour;
  Not a sign o' sun in sight;
Jest a steady, soakin' shower
  When we ride to camp at night.
Blankets sozzled, wet an' mussy;
  Tarps all damp an' feelin' strange;
Ev'ry puncher mad an' cussy,
  Hopin' mornin' brings a change!

THE HOMESTEADER

THE homesteader comes from a land that is fair,
To a land that is boundless and wide;
The broad, open prairies stretch far everywhere,
All fenceless, o'er draw and divide.
Within his sod shack does the homesteader dream
Of riches and wealth he shall win;
And he schemes and he plans in the firelight's gleam,
Of the treasures his crops shall bring in.

The homesteader lives in a world that is lone,
Far out where the green stretches roll;
No sound of the city e'er enters his zone,
No master exacts from him toll.
The howl of the wolf on the dim, starlit night,
Is drearily borne to his ear;
To follow the plow is his only delight,
As he shapes out his lonely career.

THE HOMESTEADER

He gives to the soil all the strength of the years;
  The soil springs to life at his hand,
And slowly the desolate waste disappears,
  And bounties from God crown the land.
And there, in the blessing of plenty and peace,
  With those he may cherish and love,
The homesteader watches the comforts increase
  Which are showered on him from above.

THE OLD COWMAN

THE old cowman, with pipe aglow,
Is dreaming of the past;
Of troubled trails he used to know,
Where longhorned steers were massed.
Of lonely hours, rough and hard,
On ranges wintry-blurred,
And stormy nights he used to guard
A restless, bawling herd.

The old cowman can glimpse once more
The line camp far away,
Where sunshine lingered at the door
Just at the break of day.
He hears his " bunkie " roaring out
An olden-time trail song,
And from the hills an answering shout
Comes drifting down along.

The old cowman can close his eyes
And see, as in a dream,
The punchers off on yonder rise,
Where branding fires gleam.

THE OLD COWMAN

He hears the thud of restive feet,
  The rush of frantic steers,
Which comes to him as music sweet,
  Borne back adown the years.

The old cowman looks far beyond
  The mountains, white with snow,
To sloping mesas fair and fond,
  Where prairie breezes blow;
And in his dreaming fancy still,
  He hears his " bunkie's " hail,
While over ridge and draw and hill,
  Drift herds he used to trail.

TO A "TRIANGLE" CALF

I CHASED you through the chaparral,
And yelled until I'm hoarse;
I herded you to the corral,
And you dodged back, o' course.
I pitched my rope straight for your feet,
And then you took a fall;
The butcher says you're fit for meat,
So bawl, consarn you, bawl!

You've roamed the range from sun to sun,
And had the best o' feed;
You've frisked about and had your fun
With others of your breed.
But now you're fat enough for veal,
And wait the butcher's call;
You git the rough end of the deal,
But bawl, consarn you, bawl!

My bronc' is just a shadow now
From chasin' you around;
You had the darndest way, somehow,
Of gittin' over ground.

TO A "TRIANGLE" CALF

You're wearin' the "Triangle" brand,
  You're fat and sleek and all;
Veal calves like you is in demand,
  So bawl, consarn you, bawl!

I've cussed you high and cussed you low,
  Conhang your snow-white face!
I'd cut you out and back you'd go
  To give me one more chase.
I roped you then and had to laugh
  To see you flop and sprawl;
You're full o' ginger for a calf —
  Now bawl, consarn you, bawl!

It won't be long afore your skin
  Is hangin' up to dry;
I reckon that you'd best begin
  Your prayers before you die.
You've been cut out as fit to kill;
  You ain't a bit too small,
So if you simply WON'T keep still,
  Why, bawl, consarn you, BAWL!

THE MAN FROM CHERRYCOW

A NEW top hand blowed in today
From down around the Cherrycow;
He started in to talk, and say —
You'd thought nobody else knowed how
To pitch a rope or run a brand,
Or handle any outlaw nag;
But he soon got to understand
This cow camp wa'n't no place to brag!

He told about the rides he'd made
On outlaws no one'd ever rode;
How he clumb on and how he stayed —
That cuss from Cherrycow sure blowed!
He had us all backed off the map,
And might have held the rep he claimed,
But for a fortunate mishap
Which must have made him plumb ashamed.

Our foreman, Shorty Bates, says he:
"That's some talk, stranger, that you spring.
Come down to the corral with me,
And back up all them words you sling.

We got an ol' blue roan out here,
And if you stick ten jumps on her,
You git a job right through the year
A-breakin' broncs at sixty per."

The man from Cherrycow he laffed,
And trailed off down to the corral,
While Shorty follered him and chaffed
The Cherrycow bronc peeler well.
" I'll bet ten bones," says he, " right now,
That I kin ride that bronc and stick."
And Shorty says to Cherrycow:
" Here's ten that you cain't do that trick."

They roped the roan and cinched her tight;
She bawled and bucked like all possessed;
But Cherrycow clumb on all right,
With pride a-bulgin' out his chest.

. . . . . .

They're in the bunkhouse with him now;
I reck'n doc'll pull him through,
But there's one man from Cherrycow
Who bit off more'n he could chew!

A WESTERNER

I KNOWED he was a Westerner,
I knowed it by his talk;
I knowed it by his headgear,
I knowed it by his walk.
His face was bronzed and fearless;
His eye was bright and keen,
That spoke of wide, vast ranges
I knowed that he had seen.

Somehow I knowed he'd ridden
The range-lands of the West;
His speech was bunkhouse pattern —
The kind I love the best.
He brought a hint of prairies,
Of alkali and sage;
Of stretches wide and open —
The Western heritage.

I knowed he was a Westerner
Just from the way he done;
His footgear, too, proclaimed him
A stalwart Western son.

A WESTERNER

He had " the makin's " with him,
  And I could not forget
His bed-ground from the manner
  He rolled his cigaret.

He brought with him the freedom
  Of that great Western land;
Where grassy billows, endless,
  Sprawl out on ev'ry hand.
The city noises chafed him,
  And each skyscraper tall
Seemed like grim barriers risin',
  Or some deep canyon wall.

He seemed a part and parcel
  Of countries wide and far,
Where great herds dot the mesas,
  Out where the cowmen are.
I knowed he was a Westerner
  Becuz he was so free
In yellin' " Howdy, pardner! "
  When he was passin' me.

CATTLE LAND'S FAREWELL

THERE ain't no Cattle Land no more
That isn't wire-fenced;
Things ain't the way they was before
The Western rush commenced.
The open range that once we had,
No more is grazin' grounds;
The cow game's goin' to the bad,
When we are kept in bounds.

Our herds was free, in other days,
To wander where they would;
No lines was set for them to graze;
They got it where they could.
But now the onward march o' Time
Has brought about a change,
And Cattle Land brands it a crime
To grab another's range.

We wasn't warned by bands o' wire
Which stretched their lengths ahead,
That we must herd our stock no nigher,
But turn 'em back insted.

CATTLE LAND'S FAREWELL

We didn't grab the water-holes
  And hold 'em for our own;
The old-time cattle-men had souls;
  There wa'n't no grazin' zone.

We neighbored in a friendly way,
  Though we was far apart;
Nobody told us go or stay,
  And we was big o' heart.
We loved the lands that held our herds,
  As long as we was free,
And didn't have no war o' words
  'Bout what our rights should be.

But now across our hard-won lands,
  They've stretched the wire through,
And put on us restrainin' hands,
  And told us what to do.
We're marchin' down the Western slope,
  'Tis Progress bids us go,
But in our breasts the fires o' Hope
  Are burnin' dim and low!

SENCE SLIM GOT "PILED"

SLIM BATES ain't braggin' any more
About how he kin ride;
An' gosh, but he gits mighty sore
Whenever he is guyed.
He uster be so full o' vim,
So reckless an' so wild,
But there's a change come over Slim
Sence he got piled.

He uster tell of outlaw nags
He'd gentled like a cow,
But Slim ain't makin' any brags
Of tamin' outlaws now.
He's jest the humblest cuss, I swear,
As meek as any child;
Slim dassn't even take a dare
Sence he got piled!

Accordin' to Slim's flossy talk
He was some cowpunch once;
The worst cayuse could pitch an' balk,
An' try his wildest stunts;

But now Slim hangs his head in shame,
For six weeks he ain't smiled;
Slim knows that he ain't in the game
Sence he got piled.

Of course when he come driftin' in,
We thought he knowed his biz;
We swallered all them yarns he'd spin
'Bout ridin' stunts o' his.
But now we pass him up with scorn,
He's all but plumb exiled;
Slim ain't a-tootin' of his horn
Sence he got piled.

He's bogged hisself down good an' deep;
He'd better drift along
An' git a job at herdin' sheep,
'Cuz here he's in plumb wrong.
Nobody herds with Slim a bit,
He's got this outfit r'iled;
He'll never hear the last of it
Sence he got piled!

THE DEAD PARDNER

(To Dick Stanley.)

HE'S left us for that sunny range so fair,
Which lies far, far across the Great Divide,
And gentle are the breezes blowing there,
All low and sweet upon the Other Side.
With storms his trail will never be beset;
No wild winds howl where he is safe at rest;
No dangers on those peaceful plains are met;
No perils there strike terror to his breast.

He rides a range where blossoms sweetly bend,
And nod and smile as he goes loping by;
Where Nature's colors, in a wondrous blend,
Are flung afar on coulee, hill and sky.
Soft are the summer winds which kiss his cheek;
Smooth are the trails, and fair, wherein he rides,
And there, through shaded glen, on mount and peak,
The Round-Up Boss his way forever guides.

Sleep well, departed friend! Sweet be the dreams
  Which come to you in that great Home Corral,
And as you ride the line past singing streams,
  May your report each night be, "All is well."
May every trail you ride be decked with flowers,
  And may the Foreman lead you by His love,
And guard you in your rest and waking hours,
  On His Home Ranch of Rest and Peace above!

THE COMING OF THE RAIN

THERE'S a whisper on the mesa
There's a murmur on the hills,
And the dusty, dry arroyo
With a new life throbs and thrills.
Where the range was bare and lifeless,
And the sun-glare scorched the plain,
Lo, the brown earth is rejoicing
At the coming of the rain!

The sickly grass is turning
From the sodden brown to green,
With the dusty stain of summer
Disappearing in between.
From its long, unbroken slumber
It is waking once again,
With a song of joy and gladness
At the coming of the rain.

And the dull-eyed herds of cattle
Low their pleasure at the change
Which transforms the lifeless mesas
Into miles of greening range.

THE COMING OF THE RAIN

Soon the blooms will smile a welcome,
  And in grandeur they will reign,
And the soft breeze croon a joy-song
  At the coming of the rain.

The yucca plumes will glisten
  Far upon the mountain height —
Hoary sentinels on duty
  In their gleaming caps of white.
And the cactus and the greasewood
  Will be washing off its stain,
And be clothed in greening garments
  At the coming of the rain.

Down along the rocky ridges
  Will the rain-song sing its way;
It will drip and patter softly
  O'er the sagebrush seas of gray;
And the whole wide range so barren,
  With a glory new will reign,
And all Nature voice its rapture
  At the coming of the rain.

THE LAND OF THE SAGE

THERE'S something about it that "gits you,"
That lures with a call that is strong;
There's something about it that hits you,
That beckons and draws you along;
The skies are a little bit bluer,
The air has a tang of its own,
And friends are a little bit truer
In the land where the sagebrush is grown.

There's something about it alluring,
That holds you as if by a spell;
Its glories are ever-enduring,
Its beauties no land can excel.
The love for its plains never changes,
The charm of its canyons enthrals,
There's something about its wide ranges
That grips you and beckons and calls.

Its mountains and hills captivate you,
You look on its streams with delight;
Its deserts, somehow, fascinate you,
You love those weird stretches by night.

Its desolate wastes weave about you
A spell which you can't understand;
You'll whisper, "I'm lonely without you;
I want you, my drear desert land!"

You may boast of the countries whose glories
You've seen in your journeys abroad;
You may tell me some wonderful stories,
And Europe's attractions may laud;
But never a country will "git you,"
And all your attention engage,
Whose charms and attractions will hit you
Like the land of the greasewood and sage!

A REBELLIOUS COW CAMP

OL' Jim, our cook, has got in wrong,
An' we're plumb sore at him;
Up to today we got along
Without a kick at Jim.
We reck'n that he got too gay;
We don't know what it means,
But dinner wa'n't no good today —
Jim sp'iled the beans!

'Tain't often ol' Jim gits in bad,
'Cuz he's some cook, you bet!
But now us punchers shore are mad,
An' cussin' of him yet.
His sour-dough bread was out o' sight,
So was his spuds an' greens,
Yet dinner didn't taste jest right —
Jim sp'iled the beans!

We never made no yelps afore
At what ol' Jim dished up;
Today each puncher made a roar,
An' growled jest like a pup.

We gin'lly pitch in at noon,
  An' ev'ry dish we cleans,
But things today was out o' tune —
  Jim sp'iled the beans!

It wa'n't becuz his tin-can truck
  Wa'n't cooked to suit our style,
'Cuz ol' Jim allus has good luck,
  An' when he yells "Grub-pile!"
We know they's somethin' good on deck,
  When all the bunch convenes,
But things went wrong today, by heck!
  Jim sp'iled the beans!

He never offered no excuse,
  An' that is what gits us;
But we all knowed it wa'n't no use
  To start to pick a fuss.
But this here cow camp's jest plumb sore,
  An' to'rds a strike we leans;
Our appetites ain't good no more —
  Jim sp'iled the beans!

WHY "ZACK" FEELS CHESTY

ZACK BRIGGS is feelin' chesty for a plain cow hand, by gum!
I reck'n now there's nothin' that'll keep him here at h'um;
It's sence his trip to Sagebrush that Zack's lofty style began,
'Cuz there he had a offer from a movin' picter man.

Zack's been a-punchin' longhorns on the Lazy-K three years,
An' we've never made a holler at the way he handled steers;
He tended right to bizness, an' in troubled trails wa'n't led,
Till this movin' picter geezer put queer notions in his head.

It seems the picter outfit come to Sagebrush t'other day,
For to git some local color for a cowboy-Injun play;
The boss he filled Zack's noodle with a lot o' guff that's strange,
An' he sed the picter bizness beat cowpunchin' on the range.

They was actor-guys an' maidens in the bunch they brung
along,
An' the twenty bucks they offered must hev hit our Zack
durn strong,
'Cuz all the work required was to play the leadin' part
Where the rancher's lovely daughter wins the cowboy
hero's heart.

So Zack, I guess'll leave us, an' he's all swelled up with
pride,
But I bet he'll miss this outfit when they're startin' out
to ride.
That movin' picter feller don't appeal to me a bit
'Cuz I'm 'feared he'll play the devil with the rest of my
outfit!

A SPOILED OUTFIT

WE'RE takin' city boarders
Down on the ol' ranch now,
And charge 'em fancy prices
To watch us brand a cow.
We feed 'em bunkhouse fodder,
They bed down on the floor;
This ol' ranch ain't a-runnin'
The way it was no more.

We uster rise at daylight
And be off on the range;
We don't do that no longer,
And gosh, but it seems strange!
We uster eat by lamplight,
But now we rise at eight,
Becuz our city boarders
Are used to sleepin' late.

We ain't alone no longer,
Where we kin joke and chin;
And when we start off ridin'
Them boarders all butt in.

A SPOILED OUTFIT

They ask the durndest questions
  And borry all our traps,
And make believe they're punchers
  In high-heeled boots and chaps.

We have to chaperone 'em
  And let the ranch work slide;
These tenderfeet are spoilin'
  Us boys who uster ride.
They're usin' our best broncos,
  And pretty soon, by jing,
A hawss won't know his bizness
  In any puncher's string.

But then, the boss he pays us
  Our money jest the same,
As if we was a-workin'
  At the cowpunchin' game.
Of course it ain't our bizness
  How things is run, by gum,
But darned if this here cow ranch
  Ain't gittin' on the bum!

THE OLD TRAIL SONGS

WE used to have a heap o' fun down on the ol' Bar-4,
When we would set a-smokin' down around the bunkhouse door;
I mind them ol'-time cattle songs, and how the air would ring,
When Shorty tuned his banjo up and Greaser Mex would sing:

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prair-ee!
These words came slow and mournful-lee
From the pal-lid lips of a youth who lay
On his dy-ing bed at the close of day."

There wa'n't no style about 'em; they was crude and mebby rough,
But to us riders of the range they sounded good enough;
And ev'ry puncher tapped his heel in music to the swing
Of that ol' homely cattle song that Greaser Mex would sing:

"Whoop-ee, ti-yi! git along, little dogies!
It's your misfortune and none of my own.
Whoop-ee, ti-yi, git along, little dogies,
For you know Wyo-ming will be your new home."

Bleat, bleat, bleat! and a trail of dust below.

If we drove a herd to market and had throwed 'em on the trail
About the breakin' of the day, when stars was turnin' pale,
The point men and swing men would while away the time
A-shoutin' out the music of that famous ol' trail rhyme:

"All day on the prair-ee in the saddle I ride,
Not even a dog, boys, to trot by my side;
My fire I must kin-dle with chips gathered 'round,
And boil my own cof-fee without bein' ground.
I wash in a pool and I wipe on a sack;
I car-ree my ward-robe all on my own back;
My books is the brooks and my sermons the stones;
My parson's a wolf on a pulpit of bones."

And out on night-herd when 'twas black and threatenin' all around,
And longhorns kept a-rovin' in and out of their bed-ground,
It used to calm 'em down a heap when we would start to roar
One of them ol'-time trail songs that we'd sung to 'em before:

"When threat'nin' clouds do ga-ther,
And herded lightnin's flash,
And heav-y raindrops splat-ter,
And rol-lin' thun-ders crash
What keeps the herd from run-nin'
Stam-pedin' far and wide?
The cowboy's long, low whis-tle,
And sing-in' by their side.
Ho, I'm a jol-ly cow-boy, from Texas now I hail,
Give me a quirt and po-ny, I'm read-y for the trail.
I love the rol-lin' prair-ees, they're free from cares and strife,
Be-hind a herd of long-horns I'll jour-nee all my life."

AUTUMN ON THE RANGE

OFF across the wide arroyo sweeps the breezes of the fall,
Where the haze of Injun summer sort o' lingers over all;
Ev'ry bronco is cavortin' in the chilly autumn air,
And the yippin' of their riders is resoundin' everywhere.

The campfire smoke is risin' sort o' lazy-like and slow,
Where the cook is busy mixin' up a batch o' sour-bread dough;
And the boys who rode on night-herd are a-yawnin' in their beds,
While the foreman showers cuss-words down upon their luckless heads.

There's a smell of fryin' bacon as it sizzles in the pan,
And the boys'll soon be lined up at the mess-box to a man;
And the cups'll be a-clatter, fer the coffee's b'ilin' hot,
While the slapjacks that are bakin' are a-goin' to hit the spot.

Soon the dust-clouds will be risin' where the herd is straggling' through,
And there'll be some lively doin's by the hull blamed round-up crew;

There'll be runnin', there'll be dodgin' when they start
to cuttin' out,
And the sagebrush flats will echo with the cowman's lusty
shout.

So you'd better cord yer beddin' and then climb into yer
chaps,
And when you hev gulped yer coffee, cinch yer latigoes
and straps,
For they're drivin' in the hawss-herd and the puncher's
day's begun,
And there's goin' to be some sweatin' 'fore the cuttin' out
is done.

THE "FINALE" OF THE PUNCHER

WHEN the last great herd has vanished,
And the open range is gone;
When the cattle all are banished,
And their numbers are withdrawn,
When the brandin' days are over,
And the ropin' all is through,
Then it is we'll sit and wonder
What's the cowpunch goin' to do?

When the cowman comes to sever
What connections he had left;
When the trail-herds pass forever,
And there ain't a cayuse left;
When the ol' chuckwagon rumbles
O'er the ridges out of view,
And the cook quits yellin' "Grub pile!"
What's the puncher goin' to do?

When the squealin', buckin' bronco
Has become an ol' plow nag;
When the saddle and the poncho
Hang up in an ol' grain bag;

THE "FINALE" OF THE PUNCHER

When his bits and spurs are rustin',
  And his gun is useless, too,
And there's no more round-ups startin'
  What's the puncher goin' to do?

When the last night-herdin's finished,
  And he's seen his last stampede,
When the bunkhouse gang's diminished,
  And of brand-irons there's no need;
When the ol' worn yellow slicker
  Is put by for store-duds new,
And his chaps have been discarded,
  What's the puncher goin' to do?

When there ain't no wild west longer;
  When the plains are seas of grain,
And the nesters crowd in stronger,
  Till the cowman can't remain;
When the ol' life's but a vision
  To which he must bid adieu,
Tell me, oh, my ol' range pardners,
  What's the puncher goin' to do?

A CHANGE OF OUTFITS

LORD, look down on this pore sinner,
Branded with Ol' Horney's brand;
Twenty years he's been a winner
Ev'ry time he showed his hand.
Twenty years he's kept me workin'
With his low-lived outfit there,
With me never once a-shirkin'
From a-doin' my full share.

Lord, he's had me noosed an' hobbled;
Had me hog-tied, tripped an' slung.
All my best years he has gobbled
Ev'ry word from off my tongue.
I ain't halter-broke your way, Lord,
I ain't never rode your range;
But I'm right here now to say, Lord,
That I'd like to make a change.

Lord, your outfit seems to strike me,
An' your range is big an' wide;
Wonder if your bunch will like me
If I sign with them to ride?

A CHANGE OF OUTFITS

That there heaven-range, they've told me
  Don't have blizzards, storm nor strife,
An' is big enough to hold me
  For the balance of my life.

Lord, I'm only jest a battered
  Pore ol' maverick, rough an' lame;
All the good in me plumb shattered,
  Greenhorn to this heaven-game.
Used to beddin' down with sinners,
  'Sted o' flowery beds of ease;
Herd me, Lord, with your beginners,
  Break me any way you please.

Lord, jest slip your noose about me;
  Draw it tight an' hold it fast;
Ol' Nick's got to do without me;
  Herdin' days with him are past.
I'll change outfits with my saddle,
  An' a gospel-cayuse ride;
That's the bronc' for me to straddle
  Till I cross the Big Divide!

ONLY A BRONCO

I'M only a bronco, an unruly bronco,
A range-ridden bronco, wild, scrubby and tough;
I'm bridled and saddled at daylight and straddled,
I'm larruped and quirted and used mighty rough.
They slam and abuse me and daily misuse me,
And when on the round-up I get little care;
I'm just a cow-pony, a pinto, and bony,
But out on the ranges I do my full share.

I ain't no prize beauty, but I know my duty;
I'm wise to the rope and the tricks of the trade;
You bet I'm no quitter; I'll hold any critter
That you'll flip a rope on, for I ain't afraid.
No stall ever held me; they've always corraled me,
I stand in the sun or the mud and the rain,
No roof to protect me, and though they neglect me,
I'm only a bronco, and never complain.

Through coulee and hollow the cattle I'll follow,
I chase 'em through buck-brush and sage and mesquite;
Down cut-bank and canyon my cowpunch companion
Will recklessly urge me to head their retreat.

ONLY A BRONCO

On night-herd I battle with stampeded cattle,
That rush terror-stricken off into the gloom,
And sometimes I stumble, and then there's a tumble,
And one more cowpuncher has gone to his doom!

Although you may doubt me, they can't do without me,
In spite of the fact that my temper ain't mild.
I'm lively at pitchin' and always am itchin'
To see the wild rider upon me get piled.
They never half feed me, for they're sure to need me
Before I have browsed on the grass to my fill;
But though they deny me good care, they swear by me,
And brag of my toughness and usefulness still.

I'm only a bronco, an ornery bronco,
A range-ridden bronco with no pedigree;
I'm just a cow-pony, a pinto, and bony,
But no hawss is wiser to range tricks than me.
No stall ever held me; they've always corraled me;
I'm not of the breed of which hawss-raisers sing;
I'm long-haired and shaggy, tough-looking and scraggy;
I'm only a bronco — just one of the string.

PASSING OF THE OLD WEST

THE West ain't what it used to be before the wire bands
Was stretchin' out on every side and fencin' in the lands;
There ain't the elbow room there was before the nester came
And squatted on the virgin soil to cultivate the same.

It used to be so big and wide, so boundless and so free,
As if a-stretchin' out its arms and sayin' "Come" to me;
And we who had our cattle herds, we let 'em roam at will;
There wasn't any grazin' zone on valley, swale or hill.

The West was boundless; there was room for all and room to spare;
Each cattle man was free to say that he was treated fair.
Before the plow and reaper, why, we simply came and went,
And with our herds a-waxin' fat, the cowman was content.

But now it's changed; they've hemmed us in and told us thus and so;
And they have fixed the boundaries where we may come and go;

We've got to hold our herds in hand, and fight for land
to graze
Becuz they ain't a-runnin' things as in the good old days.

The sunset of our day is gittin' dimmer in the skies,
They're forcin' us to leave the lands we won, and which
we prize.
It won't be long till Cattle Land is just a memory —
A vision of the old frontier in days that used-to-be.

A COWPUNCH COURTSHIP

SHE got me clean stampeded
An' locoed to a turn;
I oughtn't to have heeded
Them fetchin' ways o' her'n.
I might have knowed for certain
She'd git the bulge on me,
When I commenced a-flirtin'
With her so all-fired free.

She was a peach, a pippin,
An' 'twasn't nothin' strange
That I commenced a-skippin'
Across onto her range;
I shouldn't gone cavortin'
On her bed-ground, I know,
Head up an' jest a-snortin'
To hog-tie her, you know.

You see at this here love-game
I wasn't halter-broke;
'Twas new to me — this dove game,
I liked it — that's no joke!

An' when I started chasin'
Around in her corral,
'Twan't long 'fore I was facin'
Conditions that was hell!

I told her I was ready
To slap on her my brand,
She was close-herded steady
By this love-sick cow-hand.
But jest when I was tryin'
To slip on her my noose,
Why, she commenced a-shyin'
An' framin' an excuse.

. . . . . .

The boys ain't quit their naggin';
They're rubbin' on my raw;
My under lip is saggin'
The wust you ever saw.
There's reason for it, maybe,
But 'twon't occur again —
She's married, an' her baby
An' ol' man's in Cheyenne!

THE RANGE COOK'S "HOLLER"

THEY sing of the puncher — that knight of the range who rounds up the bellerin' steer;
Who rides at the head of the midnight stampede with nary a symptom of fear;
They tell of his skill with the six-gun and rope, but nobody mentions the dub
Who trails the chuck-wagon through desert and plain and never yet failed with the grub!

The weather may find us in rain or in mud; may bake us or sizzle us down;
The treacherous quicksands may mire us deep, and the leaders and wheelers may drown;
The blizzards may howl and the hurricane blow, or Injuns may camp on our trail,
But nary excuse will the foreman accept for havin' the chuck-wagon fail.

For off on the range is the puncher who rides through buck-brush and sage and mesquite,
With an appetite fierce for the bacon we fry, and the slapjacks we bake him to eat.

And we must be waitin' with grub smokin' hot when he comes a-clatterin' in,
No matter what troubles we've bucked up agin, or what our delays may have been.

So in singin' yer songs of the men of the plains who trail it through desert and pine,
Who rough it from Idaho's borders clear down to the edge of the Mexican line,
Don't give all the due to the puncher of steers, but chip in some dope of the dub
Who trails the chuck-wagon in sun or in storm, and never yet failed with the grub!

CUPID ON A COW RANCH

A BOSTON gal, the boss's niece,
Is here to spend a month or two,
An' sence she come, there ain't no peace —
The boys is locoed clean plumb through.
They buy b'iled shirts an' fancy socks,
An' try to sling on loads o' style,
An' go to town an' blow their rocks
Fer presents ev'ry little while.

I never seen sech monkey biz
On this here cattle ranch before!
The boss he says that niece o' his
Has sot the bunkhouse in a roar!
The boys they try to comb their hair,
An' slick it up with ile an' dope,
An' jes' fer plain cow hands, I swear
They're usin' up a raft o' soap!

Pink Bates is shavin' ev'ry night,
An' Shorty goes down to the crick
An' scrubs hisself till he's as white
As any dood! It makes me sick

To see the dog they're slingin' on
When they strut out to the corral;
An' all becuz they're jes' dead-gone
On that swell-lookin' Boston gal!

I don't know how it's comin' out —
She ain't give anyone a hunch,
But you would think, to hear 'em spout,
That she's dead-stuck on all the bunch!
I don't know how she'll end the race,
But here is what I hope, by jing —
That she won't hang around this place
Until the round-up starts next Spring!

A CHILD OF THE OPEN

HE is Nature's child and he's rough and wild —
A son of the ranges wide;
Though he packs a gun he is keen for fun,
When in from his herds he'll ride.
For, through and through, you will find him true,
And kindly his keen gray eye,
And he'll serve a friend to the utmost end,
Though doing it he may die.

For months he'll stay in the sagebrush gray,
And mingle with cows and steers;
No welcome face 'round the whole derned place,
Nor a woman's voice in his ears.
Though he isn't stuck on the tin can truck
That the range cook feeds him there,
He doesn't frown as he gulps it down,
As long as he gets his share.

In the mud and rain of the storm-swept plain,
When the landscape is wet and blurred,
He rides and rides o'er the great divides,
And watches the straggling herd.

In the glaring heat or the snow or sleet,
When the blizzards howl and wail,
O'er draw and swell he guards them well,
In the teeth of the blinding gale.

He comes to town with a thirst to drown,
From months in the solitude;
He howls like sin, and he gets run in
If he's scrappy or rough or rude.
But when he's free and has quit his spree,
He'll strike for the range once more,
And the outdoor joys with the Two-Bar boys,
And a bed on the bunkhouse floor.

THE PROSPECTOR

MY cabin walls are rough and rude;
My bed is hard; my fare is coarse,
And yet, I love this solitude,
And every stream, from mouth to source.

All day I delve for hidden gold —
The object of my heart's desire,
And when the day is growing old,
I smoke beside my pinion fire.

And, basking in its cheery blaze,
I watch the leaping flames, and dream
Of old-time friends and other days,
When eyes of love in mine did gleam.

Within the firelight's ruddy cheer
The voices of the night are all
The sounds which greet my tired ear,
Or penetrate my cabin wall.

And when I seek my humble cot,
And, wrapped in gentle slumber lie,
The night-winds sing about my head
A low-crooned, soothing lullaby.

THE PROSPECTOR

I'm monarch of this lonely wild;
I bow the knee to God alone;
To these vast deeps I'm reconciled;
The mountains are my kingly throne!

THE UNKNOWN TRAIL

THE Unknown Trail that leads away beyond
The towerin' peaks and heaven's vaulted dome,
That I must walk some day when I have donned
The faith that lures me toward that heaven home —
I wonder is it blazed with love and light,
And does He watch to guide my falterin' feet?
And will He lead me onward through the night,
In perfect peace, out into pastures sweet?

I wonder if He'll take me, poor and rough,
Into the Home Corral of heavenly bliss?
Me, who on earth was reckless, wild and tough?
And yet, the parson said He'd do all this.
That all I had to do was foller Him,
Jest as I was, with all my sodden ways,
And let His light make bright the path now dim,
And His love would make happy all my days.

The trail is long and hard to go alone,
  Without no guidin' hand to see me through;
It leads through dangers I have never known;
  There's no one, Lord, to be my guide but You.
Just pitch Your loop of love about my heart,
  Sin-sick and weak, and oh, so vile and poor,
And teach my stumblin' feet to make the start
  That ends at last beside Your heaven door.

"OFF HIS RANGE"

THESE city cops they eye me;
These city fellers guy me;
These city pavements fry me;
I jest feel out o' place.
This rush an' bustle frets me;
This racin', chasin' sweats me;
This roar an' jostle gets me;
I'm cramped in this dern space.

These here sky-scrapers scare me;
These city sharpers snare me;
My greenness doesn't spare me;
I'm game for every guy;
My make-up's out o' tone here;
I feel so all alone here;
It's plain I wasn't grown here;
I reck'n I'd best fly!

"OFF HIS RANGE"

This ain't the range that suits me;
None of my breed salutes me;
Most ev'ryone disputes me,
  And elbows me around.
I miss the herds a-bawlin';
The bunkhouse boys a-callin';
The prairie breezes fallin'
  On my ol' stompin' ground.

I miss the ol' stock saddle
I'm longin' now to straddle;
I reck'n I'll skedaddle
  Afore I git homesick.
Back there nobody eyes me,
An' nary puncher guys me,
They dassn't criticise me,
  Becuz I'm trigger-quick!

Here folks think I'm a wild one;
At least, b' jinks, I'm styled one;
I'll own I ain't a mild one;
  I am some rough perhaps.
These tenderfeet look sweller
Than this unbroke range-dweller;
They ain't used to a feller
  In high-heeled boots an' chaps.

The trails are silent since you went away.

"OFF HIS RANGE"

Ol' New York's a deceiver;
I reck'n I'd best leave her;
I feel the ol' range-fever
  A-tuggin' at my breast.
For me the herds are lowin'
Where desert winds are blowin';
It's *adios,* I'm goin'
  To my first love — the West!

THE RANGE IN SPRING

THE grassy trails they lead me out where Springtime breezes fall,
And through the aisles of bloom I hear the springtime voices call.
The desert's face is wreathed in smiles, where colors richly blend,
Into a sea of wondrous tints and beauties without end.

Above me sunny skies bend down and meet the sea of bloom,
And prairie zephyrs waft abroad the rarest of perfume;
I catch the song of feathered friends that trill an echo sweet,
And sunshine's benediction casts its splendors at my feet.

I splash through muddy streams which come from rock-ribbed canyon heights,
And on the sagebrush flats I see Spring wonders and delights.
My bronco lopes at tireless pace across the mesas fair,
And Springtime odors come to me upon the soft winds there.

And when the hand of God is seen a-crimsoning the skies,
And purple settings flash their rays as sunset's glory dies,
I wrap my blanket 'round me there and watch the star-
world gleam,
And in the campfire's gentle glow, I doze away and
dream.

FOREST CONSERVATION IN CRIMSON GULCH

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
We've cattle rustlers — three,
To hang upon it now.
Oh, do not touch a limb,
We're after Six-Gun Lew,
And when we capture him,
He'll decorate it, too.

This tree, in days of yore,
Was old Judge Lynch's pride;
Up in its branches, more
Than ten outlaws have died.
Train-Robber Bascom swung
From that limb to his death;
Here Hoss-Thief Higgins hung
Till he got short of breath.

In other days than these,
Within this sheltered glade,
So many hanging bees.
We held beneath its shade.

CONSERVATION IN CRIMSON GULCH

This oak we will defend;
  Tonight we storm the jail,
Take Quick-Shot Sparks and send
  Him o'er the dim Long Trail.

We pray that you will spare
  This hardy tree so dear,
For many a hemp affair
  Will be pulled off right here.
A sheriff's posse's out
  For Slim Bill's band, you see;
They'll want these limbs, no doubt,
  To hold a neck-tie spree.

Woodman, hack it not,
  For to this tree we cling!
Tomorrow night we've got
  Two bandits who must swing.
So spare these limbs, we pray,
  For it is our belief
This afternoon we may
  Hang that Bar-5 horse-thief!

A LOCOED OUTFIT

THE new schoolmarm on Bear Paw Creek
Has rosy cheeks an' twinklin' eyes;
She's got my round-up crew lovesick;
I never seen such locoed guys.

They want to shave now ev'ry day,
An' ile their hair an' change their clo'es.
The round-up's workin' down this way,
But they won't ride, I don't suppose.

Instid o' blowin' in their rocks
Fer silver spurs an' guns an' things,
They buy b'iled shirts an' fancy socks,
Store ties an' collars too, by jings!

I don't suppose it's nothin' strange,
'Cuz gals is scarce around these parts;
Though she's ten mile across the range,
She's sure stirred my cowpunchers' hearts.

If they go out a-huntin' strays,
Er ridin' fence, they're sure to roam
To'rds Bear Paw Creek, to ride a ways
With that there schoolmarm, goin' home.

They sure close-herd that schoolmarm gal;
  They're lovers that don't never shirk;
They hang around her home corral,
  An' do blamed little cowpunch work.

They moon around the bunkhouse door,
  Plumb jealous of each other, too;
I wish that gal would hike afore
  She hypnotizes 'em clean through!

THE CABIN ON THE RANGE

YES, your city life is tony; you have everything at hand —
Electric light and telephones and other things that's grand;
The street kyars go a-whizzin' and there's autos by the score,
And ev'ry day your grus'ries is delivered at the door;
But this rush and hustle frets me, 'cuz it's somethin' new and strange,
And my lonely heart is sighin' for my cabin on the range.

I want to hear the croonin' of the night-wind through the trees,
And the murmur of the river on the driftin' evenin' breeze;
I want to hear the yelpin' of the ki-yotes on the plain,
And the trail-song of the puncher in a wild and weird refrain;
I want to hear the lowin' of the longhorns for a change —
Yes, my lonely heart is sighin' for my cabin on the range.

THE CABIN ON THE RANGE

I can look across the mesa where the sagebrush rolls away
Like a stretch of foamin' breakers on a heavin' sea o' gray;
I can see the rugged mountains and the lofty canyon walls,
While across the wide arroyo there's a voice that calls and calls;
And it haunts me ever, ever, and my heart with sadness thrills,
For I'm sighin', even sighin' for my cabin in the hills.

So I'm goin' to quit the city and the crowds that press and crush,
And I'm goin' where there's freedom from the everlastin' rush;
I am goin' back to Nature and the life that I have known,
Where I'll revel in my freedom like a monarch on his throne.
For out there is peace and quiet — nothing there that's new or strange,
And I know that I'll be happy in my cabin on the range.

RIDING THE RANGE

I LOVE to ride the ranges when the sun smiles overhead,
And the stretches lay before me, broad and green;
When the Spring has brought the blossoms where the land lay bare and dead,
And there's nothin' only beauty to be seen.
I love to hear the south-wind go a-croonin' full and sweet,
And the range-birds just a-singin' full and free;
With the little wildflowers leapin' up to kiss my bronco's feet,
And the whole world just a paradise to me.

Oh, then's the time the city couldn't lure my feet astray,
With its janglin' cars and everlastin' noise;
I'm glad the roar and racket is so mighty fur away
From my bed down in the bunkhouse with the boys,
I'm happy and contented when the round-up call goes out,
For the sweetest music ringin' in my ears
Along in early Springtime, is the cowman's lusty shout,
And the lowin' and the bawlin' of the steers.

RIDING THE RANGE

I love to hear the creakin' of my saddle-leather then,
And the clankin' of my spur-chains as I ride;
It's good to feel the motion of an ol' cow hawss again,
As I'm joggin' over mesa and divide.
My blood is all a-tingle with the joy of livin', too,
I haven't got a sorrow or a care;
There ain't a grouchy puncher in the hull blamed round-up crew,
While the range-land all around us looks so fair.

There's somethin' mighty pleasant when the country smiles in bloom,
And the wintry blasts have vanished from our sight;
And the prairie wildflowers greet us with their wonderful perfume,
With the hills a panorama of delight.
I love to ride the ranges when the Springtime's at the door,
And a sea of green is spread before my eyes;
When the grassy shoots are peepin' up along the sage-brush floor,
In a country that's as fair as Paradise.

THE TRAIL TO THE HILLS

I TURN my feet from the city street to the country lanes afar,
That twist and bend to their final end where the smiling mesas are.
And there, ahead, like a silver thread, where the sunshine drips and spills
From the azured skies, it greets my eyes — the trail that leads to the hills.

The trail to the hills! It starts, mayhap, where its feet are decked in bloom;
Where the incense rare of blossoms fair is flinging its sweet perfume.
A gentle breeze in the swaying trees is singing a crooning song,
And the mellow note from the mock-bird's throat drifts drowsily down along.

The trail to the hills leads on and on; it crosses the mesa's breast,
Then down it leaps to the canyon deeps, and up to its rocky crest;

THE TRAIL TO THE HILLS

It dips and sinks by the shelving brinks, then wheels to the canyon's rim,
Where again it curves and winds and swerves to the foot of a brown butte grim.

By dizzy steeps does the trail stretch on where the yucca gleams snow-white,
With its prickly spines and its daggered tines, far up on the mountain height.
By ways rough-hewn, through gaps rock-strewn, in tortuous turns it goes,
And it lures and smiles up the worn defiles to the land of eternal snows.

And here 'tis lost in the swirling drifts; I see it again no more,
And I turn and go to the vale below, and back to my humble door;
But oft I gaze up the winding ways, till my heart in its longing thrills
To turn my feet from the city street to the trail that leads to the hills.

SPRING IN SAGEBRUSH LAND

IN Sagebrush Land it's Springtime, and the desert is a-bloom
With a weave of wondrous colors from old Mother Nature's loom.
Ev'ry bronco's feelin' lazy, and inclined to want to shirk,
And us punchers have a feelin' we would ruther loaf than work.

We're a-lookin' for the round-up to be startin' pretty quick,
But you tell the boys about it and they all commence to kick;
'Cuz these balmy Springtime mornin's ev'rybody wants to doze,
And when we will start to gather up the cattle, goodness knows!

On the bunkhouse steps we gather when the mornin' sun is seen
Shinin' on the distant mesa, where the grass is turnin' green,
And we sit and roll the makin's, idly talkin', as we drowse,
On all subjects under heaven but the one of steers and cows.

SPRING IN SAGEBRUSH LAND

We had ought to be a-ridin' on the range a-huntin' strays,
But we're actin' like we're locoed these sunshiny Springtime days;
And the foreman is a-cussin' at the lazy way we do,
But the range is shy of punchers, and we guess he knows it, too!

Our saddles are a-hangin' in the bunkhouse on the wall,
But we only grunt o' mornin's when we hear the " cooky " call;
'Cuz in Sagebrush Land it's Springtime, and us punchers, in our hearts,
Feel that we don't care, by thunder, if the round-up never starts!

THE NEW WEST

NO longer in the West
Does the " bad man " come to town
With a gun beneath his vest,
And a thirst that he must drown.
The old frontier has gone;
Men no longer wade in gore;
'Tis a newer, brighter dawn
That the " wild West " has in store.

The days have long gone by
Since the men from Cattle Land
Rode through town upon the fly,
With a gun in either hand.
No lusty cowboy shout
Wakes the echoes, as in days
When they scattered lead about
As their six-guns were ablaze.

The old West's disappeared,
Law and order are on tap,
For the outlaw now is skeered
To get out and start a scrap.

THE NEW WEST

The graveyard on the hill
  Has no latter-day recruits
Who have stopped a leaden pill
  While a-wearin' of their boots.

The tenderfoot don't dance
  To the barkin' of a gun,
For he doesn't get a chance
  Since the marshal stopped the fun.
And the Injun doesn't chase
  After scalps of frightened whites,
And the frontier populace
  Doesn't fear to sleep o' nights.

Yes, the West is gettin' tame
  Since the nester came to stay;
It has lost its woolly name;
  'Tis no longer wild and gay.
'Tis the reaper and the plow,
  Since the wild life had to go,
And you only see it now
  In the movin' picture show!

"SUFFRAGE" IN SAGEBRUSH

SHE come in by stage from Cayuse; she was young and fair to see,
And she had a bunch o' baggage and an air o' mystery.
Ev'rybody was a-wonderin' what her graft could be, until
Her hull reckerd was made public by ol' one-eyed Poker Bill.

She was out for woman suffrage, and it wasn't very long
Till she had ol' Sagebrush locoed by the flossy talk she slung;
But the Two-Bar foreman cussed her till it must hev burned her ears,
'Cuz he couldn't git a puncher to help load a car o' steers.

Why, she had them Two-Bar punchers all a-taggin' at her skirts,
Wearin' "Votes Fer Wimmen" ribbons on their faded ol' blue shirts!
Ev'ry feller was a-boostin' for her doctrin' good an' hard,
And the cow game was neglected; it was simply awful, pard!

"SUFFRAGE" IN SAGEBRUSH

She was holdin' daily meetin's over Pinto Pete's saloon,
And the Two-Bar bunch attended in a body ev'ry noon;
And the way she shot it to 'em — well, it wasn't long, you bet,
Till it would hev meant a killin' to hev knocked the suffragette!

The fever got to spreadin' till the Diamond Circle crew
Heard her give a talk one noonin' and that outfit caught it, too.
And there wasn't a cowpuncher on the range for forty mile
But was hot for woman suffrage — and the stranger woman's smile!

There's no knowin' how 'twould ended if she'd not eloped one day
With the Two-Bar's night hawss-wrangler, although why, she didn't say;
But the foreman jaws and cusses in a way to beat the band
When he sights a female stranger gittin' off the Overland!

BAD MAN JONES

BAD MAN JONES he come to town
To have his yearly spree;
Shot the hull place up an' down,
An' sideways too, by gee!
He cowed the barkeep by one glance,
An' plugged out all the lights,
An' made a Boston lunger dance,
Who'd come to see the sights.

Bad Man Jones he took the place,
An' run the marshal out;
Had the hull dern populace
Plumb scart, they ain't no doubt.
He made us do jest as he'd choose,
An' when he ordered drinks,
They wasn't no one dast refuse
To licker up, by jinks!

Bad Man Jones he sure was game,
He plugged holes ev'rywhere;
An' didn't stop to take no aim
When smokin' up the air.

BAD MAN JONES

He shot the bootheels off'n some,
  An' laffed when they turned pale,
An' nary deputy dast come
  An' march him off to jail.

Bad Man Jones he swaggered 'round,
  A gun in either hand;
The sheriff tackled him an' found
  He hadn't lost his sand.
Bad Man Jones he fired one shot;
  The sheriff stopped the pill;
He's sleepin' in a shady spot
  Up there on Boneyard Hill!

Bad Man Jones he made us sweat,
  But now his reckerd's dim,
Becuz his wife, a suffragette,
  She got plumb after him.
She took his gun right on the spot,
  An' talked in thunder tones,
An' now the meekest man we got
  Is that same Bad Man Jones!

THE COWMAN'S SADDLE

IT is big and wide and roomy, and it's solid, every bit,
And there's forty pounds o' substance in the makin' up of it;
It isn't nothin' fancy, 'cuz it ain't built fer display —
It is just the cowman's workshop where he spends a busy day.

The seat is smooth and shiny, and it's colored a rich brown,
'Cuz it's polished on the round-up, or when he rides in to town;
It gits hard knocks a-plenty, and it's out in rain and sun,
And it's throwed around permis'cus when the puncher's day is done.

The latigoes are heavy, and the cinches good and strong,
So there won't be nothin' bustin' if the cowman's work goes wrong;
And when he's settled in it, you can bet he makes things hum,
And whatever he should tie to when he's ropin', has to come.

THE COWMAN'S SADDLE

When the old chuckwagon's mired and the cook begins
to swear,
Then the puncher and his saddle and his rope are allus
there;
When unlucky steers git foundered, and are sinkin' in
the sand,
'Tis the same old combination hauls the critters to dry
land.

But you can climb astride it, and no matter where you go,
You will think you're in a cradle, 'cuz the motion soothes
you so;
And when you have ridden in it for about a week, b' jing,
You will swear the cowman's saddle is about the proper
thing!

HIS COWGIRL SWEETHEART

AIN'T she jest a beauty, stranger?
Slickest one in all the bunch.
Best of all she says she loves me,
An' I've cottoned to the hunch.
She's my little cowgirl — savvy?
With a heart that's true an' pure;
Got her corraled, roped an' branded,
Yes, an' hog-tied, stranger, sure!

Gosh! she was a little vixen
When I shied a rope at her!
Pawed an' snorted like tarnation,
Bucked like all possessed — yes, sir!
Had to use some slick palaver
'Fore I got my noose on tight;
That's her lopin' off — say, stranger,
Ain't she simply out o' sight?

Ride? They's nothin' that's a-runnin'
On four legs that she cain't ride!
Ought t' see her sit a saddle
When she's lopin' at my side!

HIS COWGIRL SWEETHEART

Thar's some class to what she hands 'em;
  On yer life, she cain't be beat;
Things move *mucho pronto* — savvy?
  When she warms a saddle-seat!

Mavericked 'round the range dern lonely
  'Fore I cut her from the herd;
Shied around her mighty keerful,
  'Fraid t' say a cussed word.
Didn't savvy all her chaffin'
  Till I saw her glad eyes shine
With the love-light that was in 'em,
  Then I knowed that she was mine!

Ain't she built fer keeps? You betcher!
  Talk about yer slick ones — say!
Trim an' natty as they make 'em,
  She's a sure swell looker — hey?
Got a step light as a fairy's,
  Eyes jest like twin jeweled stars;
Thar she is — that's her a-smilin'
  At me from the corral bars!

LOVE ON THE "BAR X"

I THOUGHT I was free as the cattle
A-roamin' around on the range,
But Cupid is here givin' battle,
An' got me corraled for a change.
I'm stampeded sure by the glances
She throws from them twinklin' brown eyes,
An' jealous plumb through if she prances
Around with them other range guys.

The purtiest heifer a-herdin'
Around there in Cupid's corral;
That sure is the proper-style wordin'
Describin' her truly an' well.
I never went much on this lovin';
I allus was bashful from birth,
But now to the front I am shovin',
An' playin' the game all it's worth.

I'm tryin' to tame my rough manner
To fit with her Bostonese style;
She dances an' hits the pianner,
An' Lordy, she's got a swell smile!

LOVE ON THE "BAR-X"

The boys of the Bar-X start jeerin'
  Whenever I go shyin' 'round
An' josh me if I go to steerin'
  An' nosin' on her stompin' ground.

I wasn't quite ready to brand her;
  Been browsin' around, so to say;
But when I git ready to land her,
  You want to clear out o' my way!
She ain't halter-broke to my teasin';
  She bucks if I go it too fur,
But I hain't seen nary a reason
  Why I won't hitch double with her.

I've tackled the parson about her —
  He says to corral her darned quick.
I cain't ride through life now without her;
  When I think of it — gosh, I git sick!
That's her lopin' off down that coulee —
  I reck'n, ol' hawss, we'll go see
If she'll double up with yours truly,
  An' ride on the life-range with me!

UNREST ON THE RANGE

THIS movin' pitcher bizness it has got to quit, by gum!
Cuz it's puttin' our cowpunchers and the cow game on the bum!
The boys are allus kickin' when we start to run our brands,
Cuz they say that rastlin' yearlin's kind o' dirties up their hands!

But the cowboys like the movies, cuz it's diff'runt, fer a change,
And it's gittin' so no puncher will go out to ride the range;
Cuz he gits two bucks fer goin' through a lot o' Wild West whirls,
And the privilege of huggin' all the pretty actor girls!

We're findin' that good ropers are all-fired hard to git,
And the high-class bronco busters all have saddled up and quit,
Cuz the movie-man corraled 'em, and they draw a puncher's pay
Jest fer posin' in a pitcher fer a hour ev'ry day!

Us o'-time cowmen hate it — hate this movin'-pitcher fame
Which is spoilin' all our punchers who was in the cattle game;
We're weary of sich doin's, where they flash upon a screen
All them monkey shines no cow-ranch in the country ever seen!

So we're prayin' that our punchers will git sick of faked-up strife,
And be yearnin' fer real danger of the ol'-time cowboy life.
These movin'-pitcher fellers make us tired — durn their souls!
And we'd like to jerk a six-gun and jest pump 'em full o' holes!